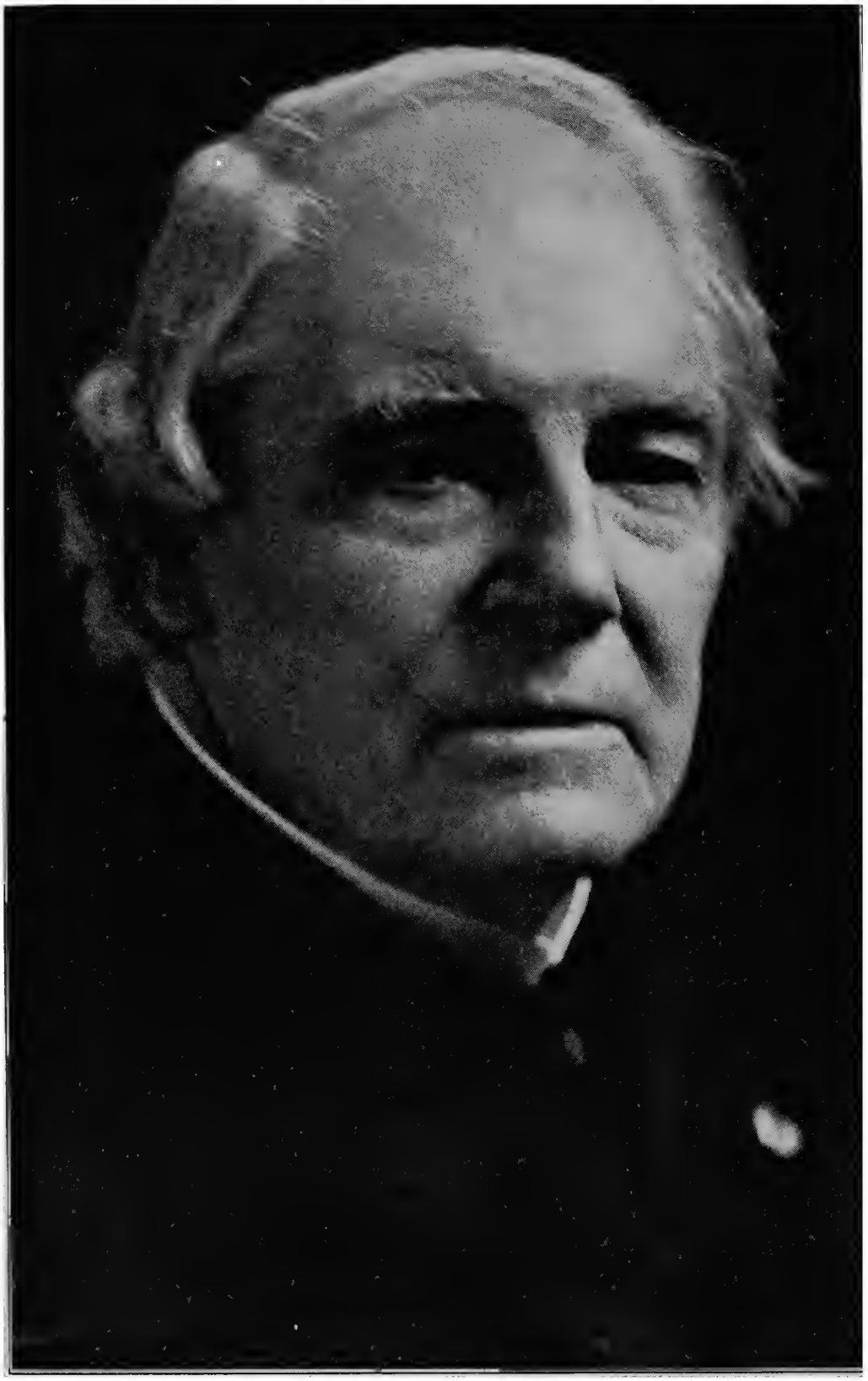


BISHOP WALDEN AT EIGHTY

JOHN MORGAN WALDEN

THIRTY-FIFTH BISHOP

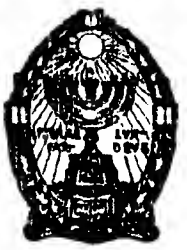
OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

BY HIS COLLEAGUE

BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES



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MARTHA YOUNG WALDEN

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FOREWORD

THERE is an inspiration in the study of biography. The history of the nations is built around the great men of the nations. If you have the story of the outstanding characters in the history of any country, you have in them the history of that country. So the history of the Christian Church is built upon its great characters through the centuries, for the church has had its trend and its spirit from the character and spirit of its strong outstanding men.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is making its record out of the service of its strong men, the men who have believed things, who have stood for things, who have accomplished things. This book is a faithful relation of the character and spirit and strong service of one of the men whose life entered into the making of Methodism for a long term of years.

Bishop Walden will grow upon you as you read. The story may be depended upon, for it is written by one who is widely known and loved, and who has had his part also in these great days.

The writer of this note has in his own library several goodly shelves filled with biographies

and autobiographies of the good men and great men who have made Methodism, and he adds to these every such volume he can find. These books are rare treasures, for they tell the story of an apostleship equal to that of any age. This book will have an honored place in that list, for it tells a story equal to any of the others.

H. C. JENNINGS.

A WORD WITH THE READER

When Dr. Jennings asked me to prepare Bishop Walden's biography, assuring me of Mrs. Walden's desire that I should undertake it, I could not decline. Love for the Bishop, the fruit of more than a half-century's acquaintance, together with genuine admiration of his unostentatious and unsurpassed service to the church and to humanity, swept away what under other circumstances might have been urged as an excuse.

His history should have been an autobiography; and we all felt, to the very last, that he would make its preparation the crowning act of his remarkable career. Most important relations—such, for example, as his experience in Kansas, his work for our brothers in black, his career in the Book Concern, his episcopal labors, especially among our missions, and his attitude and relation to the unification of Methodism—he could have developed from within, and to the edification and inspiration of the church. That he intended to comply with the oft-repeated request of individuals, Conferences and societies, is evident. On his deathbed he expressed his regret that he must leave this work undone.

Next to the regret that the Bishop had not been spared to complete this undertaking, is that caused by the unexpected and untimely death of his beloved son-in-law, the Rev. Stanley O. Royal, D.D., whose familiarity with his father's life, views, and literary remains would have enabled him to discharge this filial service to the satisfaction of all. Immediately upon the Bishop's death, Dr. Royal began the task of assorting and classifying the immense accumulation of memoranda, notes, and writings, which embraced all the Bishop's material for the books he was planning to write. Assisted by his wife, he had made encouraging progress, when he was called to fellowship and duty on high.

The cooperation of Mrs. Royal and her venerable mother, in providing the data essential to the biography, has been invaluable, and is gratefully acknowledged. The Book Concern and the Freedmen's Aid Society have extended every help, inspired not more by duty than by affection. Indeed, on every hand the cooperation has been cordial and unstinted.

The work is necessarily limited in size. I have done the best I could under the circumstances, but realize, as no other can, how far short the history comes of doing justice to the great man whose name it bears.

DAVID H. MOORE.

Indianapolis, Indiana, 1915.

CHAPTER I

NATIVITY AND CHILDHOOD

College Hill, now within the corporation of Cincinnati, was in 1848-1852 a beautiful suburb, with forest shades and charming landscapes, the seat of Farmers' College, from which it receives its name. It was the ancestral home of distinguished Ohioans, among whom were the Carys, Alice and Phœbe, the poetesses; General Samuel F., of world-wide reputation as an orator; and Freeman G., the honored founder and president of the institution. Among the students enrolled at that time were four destined to nation-wide distinction. One was William C. Gray, who after graduating in letters and law, devoted his life to the press, first as a political editor, then, until his death, as editor of the Interior, a Presbyterian publication of Chicago, of conspicuous ability and of wide and commanding influence. Another was Murat Halstead, whose editorial career, on the Cincinnati Commercial, made him the Horace Greeley of the Middle West. The third was Benjamin Harrison, a distinguished general in the Civil War, Governor of Indiana, and President of the

United States. The fourth was John Morgan Walden, an ecclesiastical statesman of high rank, the thirty-fifth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose life-story we are to study.

Family trees and coats-of-arms were not highly valued by him, yet he was justifiably pleased to follow the Waldens from England to America in colonial times; his great-grandfather, William, from Virginia to Kentucky, where he was a contemporary of Daniel Boone; and his grandfather, Benjamin, from Kentucky to Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1802, where, seconded in all good works by his devotedly Christian wife, Hannah Cooley, he lived an honorable life and died respected and loved by his neighbors.

Benjamin's fourth son, Jesse, was our subject's father. He married Matilda Morgan, whose father, John Morgan, was a native of New York, to which State he ultimately returned, settling near Buffalo.

John Morgan Walden was born February 11, 1831, near Lebanon, Ohio, on a farm owned by Ichabod Corwin, a brother of Governor Thomas Corwin. He was a day old before he saw the light, the sun being in total eclipse on the 11th. He was inclined to attribute to this portent the disposition to melancholy which sometimes affected him. Referring to it when he was twenty-seven, he says, "In some of my super-

stitious moments I have thought that that day's gloom exerted a permanent influence upon the character of my feelings, for they have been frequently heretofore overcast with clouds through which no beam of hope struggled." How perfectly all such traces vanished we who sojourned with him in later years, gladly witness.

His father was unsettled in business, perhaps unavoidably so. He moved while John was a little babe to Hamilton County, near his father's, and soon afterward built a humble hewed-log house on the homestead, where a year later his noble wife died of consumption, little John being scarcely two years old. She was of unusual ability and piety, a member of the Calvinistic Baptist Church. Though but a toddling babe when she died, his recollection seems to begin with her love and care: how his adventurous disposition led him to scale the chair and the board and every other barrier to the yard, and make his way to the spring, whose beauty must have kindled every fair fancy in his baby mind. When he learned to write he described it, and we venture he never surpassed these lines: "It was a glorious spring. Its waters were bright, bubbling, and cool. They welled up into a reservoir made of rough stones, and then when this was full, ran away in a sparkling stream set among grass and mint. Very near the spring was an oak tree which threw over it

a generous shade. In this shade, on the grassy banks that swelled up around the spring, I loved to sit and play with the simple flowers that grew there, the leaves that sometimes fell from the oak, even the blades of grass that grew in green profusion; and at times I would venture so near the streamlet as to be able to pull a little handful of mint, the redolence of which was to me most glorious perfume." Of course with unfailing prescience his mother always knew where to find him.

But short indeed were to be those happy hours. Earth's saddest scene haunts his memory. "My mother died in May, 1833," he writes. "Be it an imagination or a remembrance, there is imperishably impressed upon my mind a motionless form, enveloped in snowy white raiment, and prone upon a bier; arms folded across a breathless bosom, and a face pale, with closed eyes and features void of expression; also, a train of persons on foot, and a few wagons moving slowly along. To all else that occurred on that sad occasion I am oblivious." Precious mother! she dowered him with a fond, true nature like her own, which his grandparents and his Uncle William, to whom she had tenderly committed him, developed with loving care. Home broken up, his father, anguish-driven, roamed here and there, working now at carpentry, and now at farming, at whatever came to hand, seeing the little orphan when

he might, but unable to contribute as he would to his rearing.

Another sorrow came on apace, for when the little fellow was only six his grandmother, who, for four years had loved and cared for him as her very own, sickened and died.

His Uncle Elisha and Aunt Nancy Ogle Walden moved in with his grandfather, and, being childless, made a great place in their hearts for little John. Four years passed, and when he was ten the death of his grandfather practically ended his home life, for, though after this until he was thirteen, he lived with his uncles, and his father, having married again, made place for him, still, somehow, home was home no longer, and he began to care for himself, working wherever he could get a job.

Let us not suppose that his education was neglected. The few advantages those early days afforded were faithfully improved. Schools were ungraded, yet from his fifth year he had the usual experiences of beginners in the country. Some of his teachers lacked tact, and awoke that resistance to compulsion which was a lifelong characteristic; and at least one met the keen teeth of his pupil in justifiable rebellion. Yet the lad had a knack for learning, and ever a glad response to kind words, and was a prime favorite with his schoolmates. When he was seven, Hunter's Schoolhouse had a new master, William S. Phares, who knew how to manage

mischievous boys, and to inspire them with eager love for learning, and in whose care for almost three years laddie John reveled.

By the spring of 1841 he had gone through Olney's School Geography, Kirkham's Grammar and Talbot's Arithmetic, each a half dozen times; through Comstock's Philosophy twice; through Davies' Legendre to Geometrical Progression; had read Goodrich's first, second, and third Books of History; learned to write legibly, and to spell very correctly. But, what was still better, Mr. Phares had quarterly exhibitions—recitations, dialogues, and so on. In one of these, in 1841, young Walden, ten years old, made his début as a speaker, reciting Phillips's "Oration on Washington." Well was it for him that these six fat years closed with such an instructor, for they were to be followed by seven lean years, in any of which, until he was eighteen, he did not attend school so much as a full quarter.

CHAPTER II

EARLY TRIALS

THOUGH lean so far as schooling was concerned, these seven years were among the fattest of John Walden's life in manifold experience. He was adrift. It was sink or swim. He swam. Wherever he could find work he secured it. From his father he had learned the use of carpenter's tools to such an extent that the best all-around mechanic in the neighborhood gladly made him at home in his shop and gave him advanced instruction in the millwright and builder's trade, as well as in general repairs and tool-making. This man and his wife became very fond of John, and treated him almost as their own. But there was poison in this cup, for these kind friends were skeptics of the Tom-Paine-Age-of-Reason kind. By frequent visits and close intimacy for several years, and flattered by their attention, he came to share and advocate their views.

Soon another poisoned cup was drunk. In some of these visits he met a bright, well-versed peddler, especially interesting to an untraveled country boy, whose wares were pictures and

modern novels. The latter attracted the wide-awake and eager boy of fifteen. His fiction had been limited to The Scottish Chiefs and The Children of the Abbey; but now for three years he ravenously devoured these novels and such skeptical works as came to hand, the peddler being a skeptic as well and a fellow orphan.

As though these temptations were not enough, along with them came the lure of the city. The city offered more opportunities for employment; and there were its crowds, its factories, its thronged markets and gaudy stores, its great buildings and interminable streets, its rush and roar, its blazing lights and blaring bands, and its glittering and glaring nights. Pleasure abounded, and success awaited the doughty worker. He had tried the shallower country streams and did not sink; he would swim in the deeper waters of the city So in and out he went; always in when work could be found. Before he was sixteen he essayed a job that an older man might have dreaded. Staple products, in large quantities—flour, pork, etc.—were shipped in flatboats to New Orleans and other Southern markets. These boats were transformed barges which had brought down the river to Cincinnati coal, tanbark, wood, and similar cargoes. They had to be roofed in with boards long enough to reach from side to side, recaulked, and then laden for the lower-river trade. These roofing boards were water soaked,

and heavy, eighteen feet long, a foot or more wide, and were to be carried from the shore to where they were used on the boat. Wages were three dollars a week. Yet he fought his way over objections to his youth and consequent physical unfitness, and was on the job early and late the season through—confessedly the hardest he ever undertook. Not even the pleasanter clerkship in a grocery enabled him to forget it.

Of course he recreated. The city by gaslight must try him. Perhaps it was well for him that the trial was to be by the theater, especially since he had a canny eye for wage. It was but natural that he should seek its pleasurable excitement. He had no religious scruples; his skepticism had dulled his conscience; he was quick with the vivid plots of his novels, which became real as enacted on the stage. He was eager for Saturday night and the theater. The actor became a great character to him, and the star performer his ideal of human greatness. He aspired to the boards, to be in the cast. He was employed first as a "supe," receiving a trifling fee for being present every night and taking a speechless part as assigned. When the star actor achieved his most brilliant triumph amid the unstinted plaudits of the excited audience, he seemed to the stage-struck boy to have reached the zenith of human ambition. The lad could see the flaring posters bearing the name of a new star—*John Morgan Walden.*

How could he escape? He was a favorite with manager and actors, and even with stage hands. Short parts were assigned him, and he was the only boy taken by the actors to their picnic and permitted to share in their feasting and frolic in the woods on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Good-by, John Morgan Walden! Skepticism, novel-reading, and theatricals are too much for the brave little orphan country boy who won honors in Legendre!

But wait: God keeps watch above his own. Something happened. He was called out of the city, and detained so long that when he returned and sought to renew his relations with the theater, the acquaintances were gone, and with them his attraction to the stage.

CHAPTER III

A GLEAM OF HOPE

JOHN WALDEN cheerfully took up the tools of his carpentry craft, and added to his efficiency therein to such a degree that after a few months he was put in charge of the completion of a building[1] in the old country neighborhood.

Though again thrown into association with his former skeptical friends, affairs began to work toward his deliverance from their influence. First, his loyalty to a sense of duty was greatly stimulated by an experience with a fellow workman. Those were the days when dram-drinking and conviviality generally were common and unrebuked. But, then as ever, those who tarried long at the cups, and went to seek mixed wine, were those who had woes, and sorrow, contentions, babbling, and wounds without cause. Grievous had been the downfall of this workman, from virtue and domestic joy, respect and affluence, into the very depths of penury and lost manhood. A crushing experience shocked him into moral consciousness. He

[1]One of the doors of this building is a prized relic in the museum of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

gasped, and struggled, cried unto God for help, and was saved. He loathed what he had loved. He had become a different being. Health and friends and means and a good name came back. He was redeemed from the accursed habit. All had confidence in his reformation. As he related his experience a great light broke upon John, revealing the fearful end to which the then almost universal habit of dram-drinking might lead. The impression deepened, duty was made clear. There was in the neighborhood an earnest Washingtonian. John's struggle was over. His purpose was fixed. He sought this temperance advocate; read the Washingtonian Pledge; asked for pen and ink, and signed it. He had put his hands to the plow, and did not look back. There was a positive individuality that marked him and made his action influential. Soon he was called out in temperance rallies, in 1848, and thenceforth his voice was heard in the front rank, cheering on the workers in the great reform.

Here was the quickening of his dormant conscience, and the dim upliftings of his grandmother's and aunt's simple faith and devoted piety against the harsh and forbidding outlines of skepticism. Less and less attractive seemed Tom Paine and Voltaire, and more and more precious his mother's Bible. Yet his disbelieving friends, abounding in unwearied kindness, might have retained their hold upon his faith,

had not an attractive opportunity presented to enter a store in Union County, Indiana, for that winter. On his eighteenth birthday, with the clothes on his back and a half-dollar in his pocket, he began his new career. The post office was in the store, and was the means of widely extending his acquaintance. An intelligent Southerner, with a good library, took a fancy to the young clerk, and discovering his fondness for reading, albeit of sensational literature, succeeded in interesting him in standard authors, like Scott and Goldsmith, which he loaned him; and by well-put questions stimulated him to read with a care before unknown, works which expanded and strengthened his intellect, and trained him to grapple with life's real problems.

No youth with literary aptitudes could read Scott and Goldsmith without feeling the impulse to write. Thought, one's own thought, in type, would create an interest before unknown. The Columbian Great West, a Cincinnati weekly, passed regularly through the office to numerous subscribers. It was an attractive family sheet, and sought to interest its readers by a department of charades and enigmas, furnished by voluntary contributors. Young Walden became interested and stimulated. Tremblingly he prepared and contributed a charade. When it appeared in the Columbian it thrilled him with a new ambition. Like the kiss that made a painter, the appearance in type

of his first contribution made him first a contributor, then a reporter, then an editor. Here it is, and he confesses to a pleasant thrilling sensation when he ran his eyes over it:

CHARADE

Written for The Great West.

My whole means the change of place,
Behead me once, the same you can trace;
Behead me twice more, the name you behold
Of a pleasant thing when the weather is cold;
Behead me again, and what do you see?
The price of anything, or the degree.

The word is "emigrate," and the reader will recognize, especially in the last line, the precise accuracy which was the Bishop's characteristic. Becoming more ambitious, and evidently inspired by the novels upon which he had fed, he launches out in romance, using the pen name "Ned Law," a clever inversion of his patronymic. The Hamilton Telegraph was the medium for the most of these. The period covered was from 1849 to 1853. The scenes were laid in the Mexican War and other equally fertile fields, while the titles ranged from "The Lovers' Separation" to "Rosa Hemans" and "Mary Freeman—The Rescue." Very respectable of the kind, with now and then one of the sentimental order, as, for example, "A Western Cemetery" Indeed, this element of sentiment early evolved the poetic sensibility, and the lad "lisped in rhyme." Some of his themes were:

"A Violet," "Evening," "The Dawn," "My Parents' Graves." The last closes with these lines:

> But sorrow has its charms, and it has thrown
> Spells 'round that spot to all but me unknown;
> For now the greatest boon I have
> Is to hasten thither, when the hour of even comes,
> To shed a son's fond tears upon the grassy tombs
> That mark his parents' graves.

And thus he moves on through stirring editorials, vivid descriptions, fervid political appeals, moving pleas for temperance, on to massive episcopal utterances on polity, church constitution, rights of the laity, and the high emprise of the servant and apostle of God. But who shall say that the germs of the faultless rhetoric of his eightieth year were not in the charades of his boyish pen?

His literary friends helped on his interest and a new and definite purpose and ambition took possession of his mind. These, he readily understood, could not be realized without further education. This explains why, while confined to the store, he was bent on extending his knowledge in every way possible. Latin and Greek were impossible, but sign-language was not, and he learned it quickly and thoroughly, so as to be able—the only one in the community—to converse with an educated deaf-mute. Once started, there was no stopping. News of the opening the preceding year, on College Hill,

of a college for farmers' boys, sifted in through the mail; and the further personal fact that some of his earlier schoolmates were enrolled as students. What then? He outstripped them in the grades, and now must he remain out of the race for college honors? Besides, that way lay the open door to the press and the tripod. He would enroll at the opening of the next year. True, his wages were small, but he could make his wants smaller and save the difference to defray his student fees and living.

CHAPTER IV

STUDENT—CONVERT—TEACHER

How much the boy saved, or how little, matters not. He enrolled the next fall term. In order to adjust himself to the curriculum it was necessary that he should take seven studies, and, two of the classes conflicting, to divide the hour between them. But such was his application that his standing in the conflicting classes was a high average, while in the other five it was maximum. How he struggled and economized, content with the cheapest room, boarding himself, keeping his living expenses under a dollar a week! All in vain. At the close of that year he was compelled to recruit his finances by teaching school in Black Bottom, Miami County. Despite his emancipation from skepticism, he was such a freethinker that he was known as "the infidel school-teacher."

One Sunday afternoon in midwinter, as he was returning from visiting a friend in another neighborhood, he was pleasantly accosted by a stranger on horseback. In the conversation which followed he learned that this was Mr. James S. Peregrine, one of the two Methodist junior preachers on that circuit, on his way to

hold service at the church, not far from Walden's boarding place, where a protracted meeting was in progress. The impression was mutually pleasant, and as the preacher rode on he cordially invited the young teacher to attend service. The latter was indifferent to the invitation, and yet somehow he did not stop at home but went on to the meetinghouse. A new feeling possessed him; the singing, the praying, the preaching were so hearty and earnest, so thrilling with the passion for souls, that despite himself and his infidelity, he went to his room subdued and thoughtful. Monday this wore off during school hours, but returned as the time for evening preaching approached. Strangely enough, he was moved by an irresistible impulse to attend. The same hush and awe came over his spirits; and when, after a gospel sermon by Mr. J. J. Thompson, the other junior preacher, Mr. Peregrine, as though anointed by the Spirit of God for the very purpose, exhorted sinners to break off their sins by righteousness and their iniquities by turning unto the Lord, though he did not bow with the penitents at the altar, for the first time in his life he knelt in his place with the congregation. He walked home that night communing with his inmost soul, and shrinking from the revelations of his lost estate. It seemed long until the next evening, which found him early at church. Michael Kauffman, the preacher in charge, a German-American

preacher of surpassing unction and power, brought the message and presented the altar. Walden was among the first to hasten to the mercy seat. The preachers and members gathered about him in instruction and prayer; but none so reached and influenced his heart as "Mother" Hunter, who, kneeling by his side, whispered the promises into his ear and poured out her soul in a prayer that seemed in touch with the throne of grace and in which he thought his sainted mother joined. His infidelity was gone. He saw no man save Jesus only; and the next night, Wednesday, December 11, 1850, that mourners' bench became the very gate of heaven to his soul. He had passed from death unto life. Almost half a century later, reviewing this experience, he wrote, "Long as I had lived in doubt, deeply as I had been involved in unbelief, during these forty-six years my faith in God and his word has been restful, constant, implicit." And, in old age, referring to this scene, he uses the verses so dear to those who know the day and hour and the place, where they passed from death unto life:

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from the fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

In Dr. Kauffman's journal is this entry: "Among the converts are two of great interest; one is Mr. McCormick, . the other is Mr. Walden, a teacher, who was reported to me when we commenced the meeting as an infidel. He even cursed the meeting. He is now happy in the Lord, bids fair to be a pillar in the church, and is indeed a trophy of the cross."

The church was quick to see his ability, and to confirm his disposition to atone by Christian activity for his years of skeptical opposition. And Michael Kauffman licensed him to exhort December 24, 1851.

If he was a faithful and successful teacher before this time, his conversion every way advanced his efficiency. At a Phi Kappa Psi banquet in 1890, one of his old pupils, Mr. James M. DeCamp, presided, and in introducing Bishop Walden as guest of honor, related this bit of personal experience:

"In the long time ago I attended a little country school just off the Hamilton Pike, near Lockland, this county. In those days the Bible was read and prayer offered by the teacher, for religion and learning were indeed handmaidens. As I was but a boy of twelve, I cannot remember any special lesson or particular instruction received; but there were two incidents connected with that school which made a vivid impression upon me, and now, in retrospection, stand out with all the importance of

object lessons, the very best kind of instruction, and are indeed pleasant memories to me. One was that occasionally the teacher came out and joined us in a game of marbles. A small thing it seems, and yet I remember how surprised and delighted we were. He no longer seemed far removed from us; it endeared him to us without the loss of dignity on his part or lessening of respect on our part for his position and authority. It was such 'a touch of nature as made the whole world kin.'

"The other circumstance was that one morning during prayers I whispered, and at the close was summoned to the desk. Well do I remember how gently and tenderly the teacher put his arm around me and drew me to his side, and asked if I did not know how wrong it was to talk in prayer? That was all. No stern rebuke or demerit was necessary. He ruled then, as now, by the charm of earnest sympathy and gracious manner; and from that day to this Bishop Walden has been drawing men to him by the magic power of love and kindly interest."

The change in heart and life gave the faculty of the college, to which he returned the next year, a fresh interest in him, and stimulated his application. With increasing frequency his communications appeared in the press—good prose, and now and then good verse. His high class-standing was maintained. His record in

field sports was enviable; and more enviable still in literary exercises and competitions. His moral influence over the students was most wholesome. Yet poverty dogged his steps, and at the close of his junior year his way seemed hopelessly blocked. It wrenched his heart to be in sight of the goal, and yet be compelled to quit the race. But not in vain had the president watched his record through the three preceding years. It was worth while to help such a student, whom it would be a shame to lose. So the good old "Prexie" approached the almost despairing senior with the offer of free tuition, if he could borrow enough money to meet his other expenses. This he succeeded in doing, and a year of crowning joys and honors followed, with commencement and orations, and diplomas, and *magna cum laude,* and flowers and female loveliness, and all that enter into the felicities of that day of days. June 30, 1852, was the day long-expected and memorable. In the program appears, "*Man's Restoration,* Jno. M. Walden, Pleasant Run, O." The subject indicates a maturity of mind, which the study of his preceding history explains. Before us lie program and the original manuscript of his oration. The penmanship is clear, thought and rhetoric good. Perhaps there is a trace of youthful redundancy and sophomoric pyrotechnics; but it maintains a high level of ideas and expression. The theme is a suggestion from

his conversion, its treatment a forerunner of his preaching. Why should he not rowel the smoking flanks of his Pegasus? It is youth's one great opportunity. Hear him: In beautiful imagery he has portrayed man in pristine strength and purity and blessedness, made luminous by the easy condition of their permanence, and painted in lurid colors his wicked fall; and then he lifts up the Crucified One as the sole but sufficient and glorious Restorer. Two sentences are presented, to show its style: "The soul, which in the pursuit of truth might have soared to the Eternal Throne, and gathered wisdom along the opal halls of the universe, and learned reverence from the vast maze of revolving worlds, has been fettered in sin. Its divine workings have been clogged by idolatry, its radiance blotted out by maddened passion, its aspirations trammeled by pride and ambition and avarice." And again: "All systems of moral reform dependent on the resources and capabilities of humanity must signally fail to strike from the soul the chains which encumber it. The flattering theories of Fourier and other enthusiastic philanthropists will ultimately prove mere delusions. The almost universal confidence reposed in the genius of scientific improvement will be found a deceit. The hope inspired solely by the spread of knowledge will bring only disappointment in its train. Truth, religious truth, is the grand element of the

world's advancement. It is the great enlightener, regenerator, emancipator, and civilizer of mankind. All else is but auxiliary . . Christianity is heaven's instituted means for effecting this. It is perfectly adapted to the great work. It meets the wants of humanity, and is suited to correct its evils and alleviate its woes. It is a system of deep-working and mighty principles, which when received into the heart will regenerate the individual man, and when admitted into society will regenerate the world."

These were the words and sentiments of the young graduate about to receive the B. A. degree. Fifty-nine years later the same man, M.A., D.D., L.L.D.,[1] pastor, secretary, presiding elder, agent of the Book Concern, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his earlier convictions confirmed by those years of observation, study and experience, emphasized the same great truths in a sermon from the text, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The boy was father of the man. But better than the diploma, which John Morgan Walden cherished through life as one of his most valued possessions and bequeathed as a priceless heirloom to his children, was that far more significant credential to his

[1]Honorary degrees: Doctor of Divinity, Farmers' College, 1865; Doctor of Laws, McKendree College, Illinois, 1879; one of seven members of the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto, 1911, on whom the Victoria University conferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity *pro honore causa.*

character, scholarship, and ability conferred by his immediate appointment to the faculty of his Alma Mater as tutor, in which relation he served for two years. Nor did his pen grow weary nor his muse unkind.

The church recognized his call to the ministry, and in the second year of his tutorship Cumminsville Circuit voted him local preacher's license, which was issued to him by Augustus Eddy on June 3, 1854. Evidently, he planned to apply for admission into the Conference that fall; but first he was to have wider experience with men and affairs.

CHAPTER V

"BLEEDING KANSAS"

WALDEN had become a regular contributor to the press, and had developed a marked taste for journalism. At this juncture there was presented the chance to purchase a paper in Fairchild, Illinois, which seemed to promise good financial results. He had paid his debts; what sacrifices it cost he best knew. Now here was an opportunity not only to do good but to make money, on which he could depend when he became an itinerant Methodist preacher and faced the impecuniosity of that work. It was not the first time that bread has smothered conscience, nor that conscience burthened the heart.

He was an out-and-out champion of temperance and of free territory. Neither was then popular in that section of Illinois. The great majority, against him both in morals and politics, cut off his advertising and starved him out of the State. Returning to Cincinnati, always his beloved haven, he renewed his connection with the Daily Commercial in the spring of 1855, remaining on its staff nearly two years,

and for recreation attending lectures in the Cincinnati Medical College. In 1856 was the exciting and portentous presidential campaign, when Buchanan and Fremont were the opposing candidates. But before tracing him further, it will be necessary to consider the historical setting of the period.

The twenty Africans landed and sold in Virginia in 1619, by mercenary slave-dealers, who had torn them from their native land, were the dragon teeth with which the colonies and ultimately the United States were sown. The last and fateful harvest was the Civil War. All the colonies were guilty of slavery. But the climate and crops of the South were especially favorable to its spread and growth. Had the North been equally adapted to its use, and promised like pecuniary returns, selfish greed would have dimmed its vision of the initial and ineradicable wickedness of the institution. Gradually slavery became confined to the warmer sections of the country, of which cotton and sugar were the agricultural and commercial staples. Everywhere in the South were people who realized and exposed its wickedness, and sought to create sentiment against it. In the North this sentiment and opposition yearly became more pronounced. Long before Mr. Seward uttered the memorable declaration, "It is impossible for the Union to exist half-slave and half-free,"[1]

[1] Both Lincoln and Seward used these words.

North and South heard the mutterings of the coming storm. Abolition extremists wanted to destroy the Union, that they might have no complicity with slavery; Southern extremists, that they might be unvexed in the use and profits of the institution. Conservatives, both North and South, sought by mutual compromises to preserve the institution within restricted limits, and to maintain the Union. There was ever an "impending crisis." Every new acquisition of territory was the occasion of strife, to determine whether it should be slave or free. The Continental Congress, in 1787, prohibited slavery and involuntary servitude in the Northwest Territory, the vast region northwest of the Ohio River. When the United States was established in 1776 a national Congress was created under the provisions of the Constitution, by whom, in 1780, this prohibition was reaffirmed. The advocates of slavery chafed under this restriction, and as new territory was added from time to time, the contention grew in intensity. Finally, in 1820, the famous Missouri Compromise was adopted, by which Missouri was admitted as a slave State, and slavery prohibited from all territory north of 36° 30′

In 1845 Texas was admitted as a slave State, and following the war with Mexico, California was admitted as a free State, and New Mexico and Utah were retained as Territories, with

privilege to become either slave or free. The South was still further placated by the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, under which escaped slaves could not be sheltered lawfully anywhere, and everywhere could be run down and reclaimed. The "underground railroad" extended its lines and increased its activity. Feeling was intense, in and out of Congress; party ties were broken, new parties formed; and when, in 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was enacted, which virtually wiped the slate of all anti-slavery laws, and left every State at liberty to establish slavery if it so willed—the vote of its citizens to determine the issue—the first bell of the Civil War was rung. Kansas was the first Territory organized under this provision. Naturally, both sides strove mightily to fill it with settlers favorable to their respective views. Free-State men organized emigrant aid societies to encourage and assist its settlement. The Southern press, notably in Missouri, flamed with appeals to the South. The majority of the settlers in Kansas at this time were pro-slavery; but the anti-slavery forces were better organized, and despite difficulties and dangers their representatives began to emigrate in increasing numbers. That very year—1854—the Emigrant Aid Society, of Massachusetts, sent six separate parties, totaling six hundred and seventy-three. New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio sent other hundreds. Indeed, the

Northern movement was general. These were actual settlers, depending upon the provisions of the law to enable them to decide every issue peaceably at the polls. The Missouri antagonists not changing their residence, staked out the desirable lands in Kansas, some to discomfit the free soilers, others to blackmail them, but all bound to prevent their predominance. A. H. Reeder, a stanch partisan, was appointed Territorial governor by President Pierce. On November 29, 1854, an election was held for Territorial delegate in Congress. The border counties of Missouri organized, provisioned, armed, and sent over delegations to vote, having no pretense to citizenship. Their candidate received twenty-two hundred out of twenty-eight hundred votes cast, there being but eleven hundred and fourteen legal voters, of whom hundreds scorned to vote under the conditions. Yet despite protests of the actual citizens and of his own better judgment, the governor issued a certificate of election and named March 30, 1855, for the election of a Territorial Legislature. The result would be decisive. The Legislature, by the Act of Admission, was invested with power to determine whether slavery or freedom should prevail; to provide for all elections to be controlled by its own appointees, even including one for a constitutional convention, which later it called. Anti-Free-State societies were organized—secret, oath-bound—to encourage

emigration, but also pledged to send parties across the line, not to locate claims, but to capture the polls—to make Kansas slave at all hazards. General D. R. Atchison was the brains of the movement. The notorious, but all too influential Stringfellow, as reported in the press, said in Saint Joseph: "I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you that is the least tainted with free-soilism, or abolitionism, and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter. I advise you to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of bowie knife and revolver."[1]

The election was a scene to make devils blush. The invasion was systematic, shameless, overwhelming. In some precincts more ballots were cast than the immediately preceding census showed there were legal voters in the whole State. The Saint Louis Republic of March 31, the next day, had this telegram from Independence: "Several hundred returning emigrants from Kansas have just entered our city. They were preceded by the Independence and Westport brass bands. . . Immediately following the bands were about two hundred horsemen, in regular order; following these men about one hundred and fifty wagons, carriages, etc. They gave repeated cheers for Kansas and Missouri. They report that not an anti-

[1]See The Kansas Conflict, by Charles Robinson.

slavery man will be in the Legislature of Kansas. We have made a clean sweep." Even Governor Reeder admitted that Kansas was "subdued, subjugated and conquered by an army from Missouri." All these things, and more, were borne out later by the report of the Congressional committee of investigation.

The honest citizenry of Kansas were not discouraged. Relying upon God and the justice of their cause, they resolved to press the battle to the gates. It is impossible to conceive what they endured from 1854 until the final victory in January, 1861, when President Buchanan signed the bill making Kansas the thirty-fourth State in the Union. They had to steer their ship between the Scylla of border-ruffianism and the Charybdis of federal authority. Not knowing the event, they must control every scheme for relief. They must repudiate the tyrannical enactments of the pro-slavery Legislature and yet seek to capture it by lawful combat at the polls. They must organize a State and elect its officers and adopt a constitution, so as to be ready for desperate undertakings. When they procured to have the territorially dictated constitution submitted to a popular vote of the legal voters, they must be ready to bury it under an avalanche of disfavor. In place of the Lecompton Constitution, they must be ready with one better; and finally the Topeka and the Leavenworth Constitutions being without legal recog-

nition, and the Lecompton buried fathoms deep, they must clear the slate and write a new constitution, as nearly ideally perfect as possible to fallible mortals: seven years of greater stress and trial were unknown, 1854-1861—the birth-throes of the nineteenth free State in the American Union.

CHAPTER VI

"BLEEDING KANSAS"
(CONTINUED)

THE issue was the immediate admission of Kansas as a free State. As a reporter for his paper young Walden had attended the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, which nominated Mr. Buchanan for the presidency. He was caught by the prevailing excitement, and soon was making "stump speeches," being the first Northern anti-slavery man to speak for Fremont in Kentucky. William Graveson, a venerable Methodist, still living, sent the Bishop his recollection and impressions of one of his Cincinnati speeches, in which he said: "One evening in the year 1856 a large and eager crowd was gathered in Fly Market, now Sixth Street Market, to hear a young man speak on the extension of slave territory, then the most vital question of the day. The young man was J. M. Walden, now our honored bishop. I remember the occasion, as though it were yesterday—the earnest, clear arguments of the address, and the eager, excited faces in the

crowd. The whole country was greatly in earnest, and the large gathering of people was wonderfully interested in the speaker and the great subject under consideration. The Free Soil party did not win in the election that year; but I feel sure that J. M. Walden had much to do with shaping the policies of the party which became the Republican party, and, four years later, elected for President the immortal Lincoln."

"Bleeding Kansas" was the battle cry of the campaign. It caught the ear and aroused the patriotism of the people. It obsessed Walden, who, deaf to all other cries, bought a printing outfit and, April 4, 1857, started for the scene of conflict. Quindaro was a new settlement on the Missouri, ten miles above Kansas City, in the Wyandot Reservation; and at that time the only Free-State town on the river. Doubtless this led him to choose it. The nearer to his destination, the more his eyes were opened to the dangers into which he was plunging. Even at the dock in Quindaro, while landing his press, scowling desperadoes warned him that it would soon be company for the other free presses already rusting in the waters of the Missouri. But his paper was quickly in operation as the Quindaro Chindowan—"Chindowan" being Wyandot for "Leader." Although the incursions and excursions of "border ruffians," with their horrible concomitants, had

ceased, except in the southern counties, where Quantrell and John Brown shocked all parties with bloody forays, the political excitement was at fever heat. Young Walden's activity and ability won speedy recognition. He was at once elected to the Topeka convention, and during his seventeen months in Kansas—from April, 1857, till August, 1858—he attended five Free-State conventions, the most important being that which framed the Leavenworth Constitution. In this, as chairman of the respective committees, he drew up and reported the provisions for Public Education and the "Address to the American People," the splendid statesmanlike qualities of the latter receiving the highest encomiums of the press. The original manuscript of the Address, in his handwriting, may be seen in the Department of Archives, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka. Although he had been elected superintendent of public instruction and looked out upon a political future of entrancing possibilities, having thrown all the influence of his paper and of his voice into the successful canvass against the Lecompton Constitution, the call too long held in abeyance became imperative, "Go, preach my gospel!" He sold his interest in the Leader, and, not without regret to leave the field of strife, prepared to return to his beloved Ohio and enter the Cincinnati Conference.

It would do him injustice not to note his

fidelity as a Christian worker amid all the political excitement surrounding him. He was a licensed local preacher, and was as ready to champion the cause of religion as of freedom. This was well understood. During one of the conventions in Lawrence a blatant infidel haranguing a street crowd at night, was loud in his challenge to any who would dare to answer his argument. Walden was called to the stand by one who knew him. Youthful in appearance, in the light of the torches he seemed almost boyish. A preacher who did not know him trembled for the cause when he saw him mount the stand. But Walden, from his own experience in the wilderness of skepticism, knew where to find the joints of the harness, and sent shaft after shaft with unerring aim. Scornful and contemptuous at first, soon the infidel grew pale and incontinently abandoned the field. Never after did he make a public attack on religion in Lawrence. This, added to his reputation as an editor and legislator, made him popular with the local clergy, who so favorably represented him to Bishop Janes, presiding that year, that he was offered Kansas City, Lawrence having already been tendered. Though highly appreciating these marks of confidence from the people and the Bishop, he daily became more fixed in his purpose to return to Ohio.

He was even then an apostle of temperance.

At times, it must be confessed, his methods embraced those made notable in recent years by Carrie Nation, as witness this instance, which occurred in Quindaro, where a strong temperance sentiment existed: A saloon was opened a little apart from the business section, but in a much-traveled highway. It soon developed the usual characteristics. All saloons are bad, differing only in the degree of their badness. As a youth he had learned to detest the distillery and the dramshop; and later, as a newspaper man, he had studied the business and social conditions of Cincinnati. In those days all north of the canal was called "Over the Rhine," because of the preponderance of the Germans. They had transplanted the saloon, for it is a German institution and quite different in its character from the old-time "bar" found in the taverns of America. The result of this study was the conviction that malt liquor is more perilous to society than all spirituous liquors. He felt that Quindaro must not be polluted by this saloon, and joined the citizens in an earnest protest to the saloonist, and in a brotherly effort to induce him to abandon the business. But he stoutly defended his course: he had crossed the ocean to reach a free country; he had come to Kansas where the struggle was for freedom, and he insisted on his personal liberty to keep a saloon if that were his wish. The committee expostulated, advised, and then

warned him. But he was obdurate, and persisted in his claim for personal liberty. In those days, in the absence of law, the people were a law unto themselves. So one morning a company of the best citizens aroused the saloon keeper from his dreams, and when he opened the door they entered and declared their purpose to put the saloon out of commission. He brandished a revolver, but before he could shoot, if such had been his purpose, it was snatched from his hand. He was almost an object of pity, so dismayed and wretched he seemed. Every keg and bottle was emptied. The culmination was with a barrel of liquor, found under a nearby brush-pile. Walden was a skillful axman, and with one well-directed blow drove in the barrel-head and emptied the liquor on the ground. The saloon keeper learned his lesson, went elsewhere in quest of "personal liberty," and Quindaro was never again cursed with the presence of a saloon. The foregoing, given almost in the Bishop's own words, shows the intensity of his opposition, which grew to the last, but later doubtless would have found other expression even more forcible because less reprehensible.

Another experience shows how far he placed instruction and moral suasion above physical force. As it occurred in Kansas, away from which our story is about to lead us, it should be told here. It was his only meeting with

John Brown, whose "soul goes marching on." Most concede that "Osawatomie" Brown—so called to distinguish him from Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom—was a monomaniac, made such by the outrages inflicted on his family by "border ruffians." His name was on almost every lip. Walden was anxious to meet him, but thus far had had no opportunity. The Central Committee had assigned him to canvass against the iniquitous Lecompton Constitution. In company with W F N. Arny—afterward governor of New Mexico—he made his way to Mapleton, where they were to speak. They stayed all night at the home of a Mr. Waters, editor of the Herald of Freedom. Mr. Arny, with apparent hesitation, introduced a Captain Morgan, with whom Walden held a long conversation before and after the meeting, concerning men and measures, and marked his intensity and his very cynical cast of mind. As pronounced as he was against the Lecompton abomination, Walden found that he was not radical enough to measure up to Captain Morgan's theories, which snapped and sparkled like an electric fuse. The next morning the Captain was up and gone before the others awoke. That night they were to speak in Osawatomie, John Brown's home, and Walden, eagerly anticipating meeting him, asked Mr. Arny if they were not likely to see him there. He replied, "I will tell you something now—not to be repeated—

'Captain Morgan' is Osawatomie Brown."[1] Brown was on his way to a claim he had located near the Missouri State line, where he could watch the Missourians and plan against the slave system, to which he rightly attributed the terrible sufferings of his family. That claim served as a terminal station on an "underground railroad" by which many slaves were carried North through Kansas to freedom. "Had I known," writes the Bishop, "with whom I was talking about the policy of encouraging slaves to run away, I would have raised the query, whether it would not more effectually honeycomb the system for these restless and enterprising slaves to remain where they could spread the leaven of unrest among their fellow bondsmen." Even then he saw a better way than the "swinging ax"; yet, in both cases, the liquor was to be spilt, and there was only the "Higher Law" to justify it.

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[1]The State Historical Society of Kansas, in answer to my queries concerning this paragraph, given almost verbatim from the Bishop's manuscript, writes: "In reply to your letter I beg to state that George. W. Brown was the founder and publisher of The Herald of Freedom. Augustus Wattles was associated with him before he moved down into Linn County, which was in 1857. Your Mr. Waters, living at Mapleton, was a later editor than George W. Brown. Many men afterward noted in Kansas worked on that paper. The present proof reader at the Crane Publishing House, in this city, Mr. E. P. Harris, was a printer on The Herald of Freedom. John Brown, the Kansas martyr, is the only John Brown in Kansas history, and is never rightfully called "Osawatomie Brown." Orville C. Brown was called "Osawatomie Brown" because he founded the town of Osawatomie, a composite word taken from the names of two tribes of Indians—Osage and Pottawatomie."

General "Jim" Lane was another celebrated character, thought by those who knew him best, to be, like Brown, a monomaniac. He was president of the Leavenworth Convention and afterward first United States Senator from Kansas. Walden studied him carefully; abhorred his immorality; confessed his power to attract men but doubted his wisdom as a leader. Lane, believed to be guilty of crimes as dark as any that damned Quantrell and the pro-slavery raiders, at last thrust a pistol in his mouth and blew his brains out.

It is not to be supposed that, living in Quindaro, and editing the Chindowan, within the Wyandotte Reservation, and only six miles distant from the Delaware Reservation and from the Shawnee lands, he would not become interested in the Indian question. He saw the Indians through their history—once lords, now wards; with rights either denied or not respected; no man caring for their souls. He became their lifelong friend and advocate, and through his eventful career used all opportunities afforded by his travel to acquaint himself with their condition and to relieve their wants. He did not hesitate, when occasion required, to let the President, members of Congress, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the people at large hear from him in unmistakable terms. In his own church, in the General Conference, in the Board of Bishops,

in the Annual Conferences, and in the Missionary Board and its General Committee, he was ever the red man's well-informed, earnest, and efficient advocate.

His retirement from the press was greatly regretted. These selected from many expressions must suffice: "Mr. J. M. Walden," says the Prairie City Champion, "has retired from the Quindaro Chindowan. We regret this. He is one of the ablest and best writers in Kansas, and under his management the Chindowan has held a prominent and popular position among the Kansas press. He has our best wishes for success in whatever business he may undertake." The Kansas News said: "We regret to lose Mr. Walden from the tripod, as he was a true and steadfast, uncompromising Free-State man, and has done yeoman service in the cause of popular freedom in Kansas." Still greater the regret that he was to leave Kansas, where his name deserves to rank with those of Robinson and Ewing, and Smith and Jenkins, true and unflinching advocates of the right of the people to rule.

CHAPTER VII

CIRCUIT PREACHER AND BENEDICT

THAT he left Kansas, which appealed both to his patriotism and laudable ambition, with regret, is evident. That it was in obedience to the call of duty is equally evident. Not a day had passed since his conversion at the mourner's bench, in which this conviction was absent or its voice silent. God's Word was in his heart as a burning fire; he was weary with forbearing; he could not stay. Yet the decision of his brethren was to be the test, in its threefold application—gifts, grace, and usefulness. He realized acutely that while he had been a local preacher for four years, he had scarcely preached a score of times, though always standing fully for the church. He was bold to speak on the hustings and in debate; but a strange awe and timidity overcame him upon entering the pulpit. Yet he could find no excuse had he sought it, and now the test was made at the Quarterly Conference, held September 4, 1858, William Herr, presiding elder, in Lockland, a suburb of Cincinnati. Missing the cars, he sturdily walked the twelve miles from the city, successfully

MR. AND MRS. JOHN M. WALDEN AS BRIDE AND GROOM

passed his examinations, and was recommended both to the traveling connection and for deacon's orders as a local preacher in the Cincinnati Annual Conference. Not only so, but the presiding elder had him preach that night and also Sunday night. With but little time for preparation, he leaned upon the Lord, who helped him to preach to large congregations from the texts, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me" (Psa. 50. 15); and "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccl. 12. 1).

The Conference met that year in Lebanon, and Walden reached it by omnibus. As he passed close by his birthplace, which he had left in early infancy and never had opportunity to revisit, his reflections were of the most tender and solemn character. Twenty-five years of sorrow, hardship, and trials had passed, and now he was approaching in Lebanon another birth—into the holy ministry; the place was henceforth doubly sacred. The Commercial selected him its Conference reporter, which made him quick to all the passing events. The laymen were agitating for fuller recognition, and held on Friday a well-attended and interesting convention, which by a close vote, thirty-one to twenty-nine, resolved to organize a Lay-

men's Association, to help secure lay representation both in the Annual and the General Conference; and, without lessening the efficiency of the presiding eldership, so to modify it as to avoid "the unnecessary expense and waste of talent incident to existing plans." The minority, led by Moses Brooks, favored postponement of action, because sufficient notice had not been given, and many appointments were not represented, the object of the proposed movement being fraught with peril to the existing system, which had proved so effective. Walden's report had no personal coloring, although we may infer from his subsequent attitude that he was favorable to the majority.

The laymen in attendance from Lockland, including those well-known and liberal supporters of Methodism, Charles Bachelor, W. Friend, and George Fox, surprised him with a roll of bills in token of their appreciation of his sermons and of their interest in the career upon which he was entering. This was a prophecy of the friends his genial manners and sterling worth rallied about him throughout his entire life.

He was called back Saturday to confer with political leaders in the city, the exciting campaign of that year attracting and almost demanding his services. He returned the same day, in time to share in the Saturday fears and hopes and surmises of the preachers and appli-

cants. Usually, by that time the appointments are practically made and business well-nigh completed. In those days Cabinet secrets were inviolate, and, as a rule, no man knew his destiny until the bishop read the appointments. Bishop Janes presided, the same who had urged him to enter the work in Missouri and Kansas, and who now had renewed his importunities. It may be that Walden feared his steady refusal, even though his reasons seemed ample, might imperil his admission; for he records with evident satisfaction that, when he was going with J. S. Peregrine the next day, to fill an appointment at Raysville, near by, that good man cheered him with his opinion that if any candidates were admitted, he would be one of them. The class consisted of Sylvester Weeks, George W Fee, John Morgan Walden, Nehemiah Green, Thornton E. Fidler and Allen T. Thompson, all of whom, excepting Weeks, are deceased. Not yet knowing his destiny, he was compelled to hasten to Sandusky the following Monday to report the State Fair for the Sandusky Register. Returning to Dayton, he received confirmation of his admission and appointment, which he had seen in the Commercial, Mr. Herr also giving him a note from J C. Bontecou, his preacher in charge, containing the plan of the North Bend Circuit, with eight appointments, requiring four weeks to make a round. What memories those old names awaken!—Cheviot and Shiloh;

Ebenezer and Dent; Mount Nebo and Cleves; Miami and Elizabethtown. His first Sunday was at Ebenezer and Dent. Leaving the omnibus at Cheviot, bearing his carpet-sack, he walked to Ebenezer—unknown if not friendless. While resting at the store—let him tell the story: "Brother William Rofelty came along; I introduced myself and he invited me home with him. At his house I spent my first night on my first circuit. The next day I went around and saw a few of the brethren. Dined with Eli Rofelty, who would shout 'Glory!' whenever the Spirit moved him. Walking with me in the afternoon, as we stood by a fence talking, something was said which touched the right chord, and he shouted 'Glory!' in a voice that made hill and hollow echo again. I jumped as though he had given me a shot with his brawny fist."

Politically, affairs were rushing toward the bloody denouement of the rebellion. Walden's recent experience in Kansas made his voice potential on the Union side; and despite himself he became involved in the struggle, receiving the vilification inseparable from such contact. However, he refused all solicitations to take to the stump, and devoted himself assiduously to the work of his circuit.

In his journal he now and then chides himself because his sermons were not more spiritual. Such sensitiveness is wholesome. Judging from his texts he obeyed Mr. Wesley, and preached

"to convince, to offer Christ, to invite, to build up." Now he used the Old Testament—"It is good for me to draw near to God"; "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High"; "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" and now the New Testament—"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust to the day of judgment to be punished"; "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" "This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you." But one night, October 17, he preached in Cheviot,—which was his residence[1]—from Eccl. 12. 1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and had unction and liberty. A young Presbyterian lady, who was visiting her sister, the wife of William Leonard, M.D., went out to hear the Methodist preacher, about whom his Kansas experience and even the abuse heaped upon him by the pro-slavery press, had woven the charm of romance. Thenceforth she was an actor in that romance scarcely second to its principal. Martha Young was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of E. P and Sara Bonar Young. She was born near Mount Vernon, O., September 4, 1835. Her mother

[1]His home was with Brother and Sister Edward D. Moore, both of whom have entered into rest. It was almost as sacred to his memory as his parental fireside.

was of Scotch descent, and was related to the great hymn-writer, Horatius Bonar. Her father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for nearly half a century. She had been reared "after the most straitest sect of their religion," yet was the embodiment of wit and good cheer. She was a devout Christian; and to this day her charitable and godly conversation is a benediction to all who meet her. The sermon deeply impressed her. She knew by blessed experience what it was to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and had seen the fruit of evil days wrought out in many a blighted life.

Perhaps it was telepathy, for when the service closed the young pastor sought an introduction, which ripened into love. And had not Brother Peregrine counseled marriage for August of that year? Thus it happened that after the work with Brother Bontecou had been faithfully done—sinners converted, backsliders reclaimed, believers strengthened, and a cheering record made—on the first Sabbath night in July, 1859, the good people of Cheviot, now Westwood, worshiping in the little frame Methodist meetinghouse, were treated to a great surprise. By special arrangement, the presiding elder, David Reed, an able and popular preacher, was to preach. Wide publicity had been given to the appointment. Afterward many recalled how the junior preacher in urging

them to attend, significantly added that if they did not they would regret it. Brother Bontecou was there. The house was packed. All wondered why the junior preacher, the soul of punctuality, who had so insisted on their presence, was not himself present. When the great sermon was preached and he still was absent the wonder grew. But just as the last hymn was announced, Brother Walden opened the door, and with Martha Young upon his arm, walked down the east aisle, and was met at the chancel-rail by the presiding elder, who pronounced the marriage ceremony. Passing out by the other aisle, the happy couple returned to Dr. Leonard's, where they received the bridal greetings of the congregation. So prudently managed had been the courtship that only the innermost circle knew of the engagement, thus avoiding the jealousy and gossip otherwise inevitable. Surely, this was the most joyous and potential human event in their long and happy lives.

The Conference in 1859 met in Dayton, that great ecclesiastical statesman, Bishop Ames, presiding, with Walden a probationer of the first year. Granville Moody, always with an eye to efficiency, had recognized in him just the man to report for the local secular press, and nominated him therefor. His work was daily under the observation and scrutiny of the Conference, and its excellency did much to establish

him in the confidence of the brethren. He successfully passed his examinations, and was promoted to the class of the second year.

At the former Conference he had known nothing of the appointments, but now Bishop Ames gave him an early copy, so that they might be printed and distributed when read. Naturally, he ran his eye over the list to find his own. It was not North Bend—where then? In the very last district he read, "Hillsboro District, Lynchburg Circuit, M. G. Purkhiser, John M. Walden"!—thus moving him from the extreme west to the extreme east of the Conference, and from the vicinity of the great city to a field as rural as it was remote. Though he shrewdly suspected that his change was due to his violation of the unwritten law—that preachers on trial should not marry—he was a soldier enlisted for the war, while his Calvinistic bride made good use of the Presbyterian "decrees" to explain that Methodist decree, and all was well.

Brother Purkhiser was just the colleague he needed—deeply spiritual, with rugged sense and tireless energy, a student and a master of men. Indeed, to the end of his life Bishop Walden never tired of referring to Bontecou and Purkhiser as efficient teachers in pastoral theology, dilating gratefully upon the supreme advantage to one entering upon the ministry of being under the tutelage and tutorship of consecrated and able men, who had mastered every detail of the

work, from a campaign for souls to wise administration and prudent church management; from conducting social service, to making sermons and preaching the gospel. The circuit under such teachers is the best form of laboratory practice. "The Problem of the Rural Church" awaits for its solution the return of the old system, possibly modified to meet new conditions.

Lynchburg Circuit had a revival at every appointment, and at some appointments pentecostal display of grace and power. The two preachers alternated, combined their best ability, and God gave them victory.

One duty assigned the junior preacher blessed him greatly—preaching at every appointment on systematic beneficence. It required diligent and careful preparation. And as he prayerfully and conscientiously discharged this duty at each of the nine preaching places, the benevolence of the people was quickened and increased, and the preacher was thoroughly converted to the duty of tithing. Up to that time he had neither considered it, nor heard it discussed. Now he clearly saw that there are three distinct classes among professed Christians, as to the matter of beneficence, namely: 1. Those who are scarcely conscious of recognizing that God has any claim upon them for any part of their substance, beyond what they are inclined to give. This is usually very little. They are

never satisfied with the apportionment made by the Board of Stewards, invariably asserting that it is excessive. 2. Those who accept the apportionment willingly, and seem to rest satisfied in conscience when they have met it in full, regardless of their ability to bear a more liberal part in the finances of the church. 3. Those who do not feel absolved by assessments, but who conscientiously regard themselves as God's stewards, as to wealth, talent, opportunity, and who intelligently, prayerfully, and conscientiously settle their duty between themselves and their God. Those who belong to the latter class are they who accept the general principle of tithing as fundamental and binding. It does not necessarily follow that the giving is limited to one tenth of an income, mechanically ascertained, but, rather, is what the enlightened conscience and the obedient spirit joyously place upon the altar of Christian service. Thenceforth John Morgan Walden was a faithful, happy tither.

At the close of 1860 the Conference met in Oxford, and he was admitted into full membership. It was an ever-pleasing memory that Bishop Simpson presided and ordained him deacon. The ministry of the Bishop was a lifelong inspiration. That same year, under the same bishop, Charles Cardwell McCabe and the writer were received on trial in the Ohio Conference.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR TIMES

BISHOP WALDEN'S most self-satisfying pride was that he never sought an appointment. He admits one exception. At the close of the year on Lynchburg Circuit the presiding elder suggested that, as Brother Purkhiser's term was out, Walden should be made preacher in charge at the ensuing Conference. But he modestly demurred, and asked, in view of the fact that his studies were not completed, that he be returned as junior preacher. But he might have known that a man with his talent and experience, and many influential friends in Cincinnati, would not be permitted to rusticate among the good people and beautiful hills of Highland County. He was surprised when the Bishop read, "Cincinnati, York Street, J M. Walden" —and was doubtless pleased as well. York Street at that time was a promising mission, in a rapidly growing residential section of the city. He threw his whole soul into the work, which prospered under his care, notwithstanding the absorbing political interest which culminated in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency

and filled the heavens with signals of war. He was reappointed at the Conference held in Springfield, 1861, by Bishop Thomas A. Morris. By that time the country was rocked in the throes of a political volcano. Secession was a fact. Sumter had fallen. Lincoln was President. Enough battles had been fought to convince the thoughtful that the country was drifting into a conflict destined to be protracted, bloody, and destructive. It was a season of intense interest to Walden, who recognized in it only a more terrible continuance of the struggle in Kansas. The conditions for work were distracting. People were absorbed in the one direful issue. Yet he redoubled his efforts, attending faithfully to his pastoral duties, preaching on timely topics, encouraging volunteering, ministering to the sick in hospital and to the soldiers in camp, inspiring the people with patriotic confidence, always the warm-hearted brother and the devoted minister of the gospel.

Ohio not only filled her quota but sent thousands of her sons to muster in Kentucky and West Virginia. The Second Kentucky Infantry was mainly officered and filled by Ohio men. They had listened to Walden's stirring addresses and to his appealing sermons, and longed to have his presence on the march and in the field. They elected him chaplain. He was ready, but his presiding elder and entire official board urged him to finish the year, deem-

ing his services indispensable not only to his charge, but to the city in its tumultuous condition. The whole matter was presented in such a light that inasmuch as there were many candidates for chaplaincies, he reluctantly yielded. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of Dr. John F Wright, of precious memory, almost a father in the Conference. When Walden saw him embark with the regiment for the front he feared that he might never return, and regretted that he had not gone in his stead. But though he was not to be a regularly enlisted soldier, he was soon to have opportunity to do effective service at home.

In 1862 Kirby Smith, the doughty general, with a large force, approached the three unprotected cities of Cincinnati, Newport, and Covington. General Lewis Wallace was hurried thither to organize the citizens and conduct the defense. He found the conditions alarming, proclaimed martial law, summoned every able-bodied male citizen to the colors, built a pontoon bridge from Cincinnati to Covington, and handled with remarkable skill the thousands from town and country who, responding to Governor Tod's call, thronged incoming trains and crowded the streets of the city—all sorts of organizations with every kind of arms. Over the pontoon bridge went twenty full regiments, and a thousand black sappers and miners hastened with wagon trains of material for

fortifying the Kentucky hills, every hour adding to their strength.[1] On a big clay-bank horse, at the head of the Second Cincinnati Regiment, which he had organized, rode Walden. He had been chosen its lieutenant-colonel. His fellow pastor, David Judson Starr, was his chaplain. Needless to say that had occasion required, he would have given a good account of himself. But Kirby Smith, after approaching near enough to exchange shots with the pickets, precipitately retired without attacking, owing to the unexpected preparations for his reception, and to the alarming activity of General Buell in his rear. Later, in 1863, when Cincinnati was again threatened, Walden raised another regiment, the Fifth Cincinnati Guards, was chosen its colonel, and was ready for the fray. But Morgan's men only demonstrated against the city, as they hurriedly flanked it, in their successful effort to escape General Burnside's vastly superior forces. It would have been interesting had General John Morgan and Colonel John Morgan Walden met on the firing line; then, of a truth, had come "the tug-of-war." In October, 1864, Walden was drafted. He promptly reported, but was exempted, as the official certificate attests, because "found

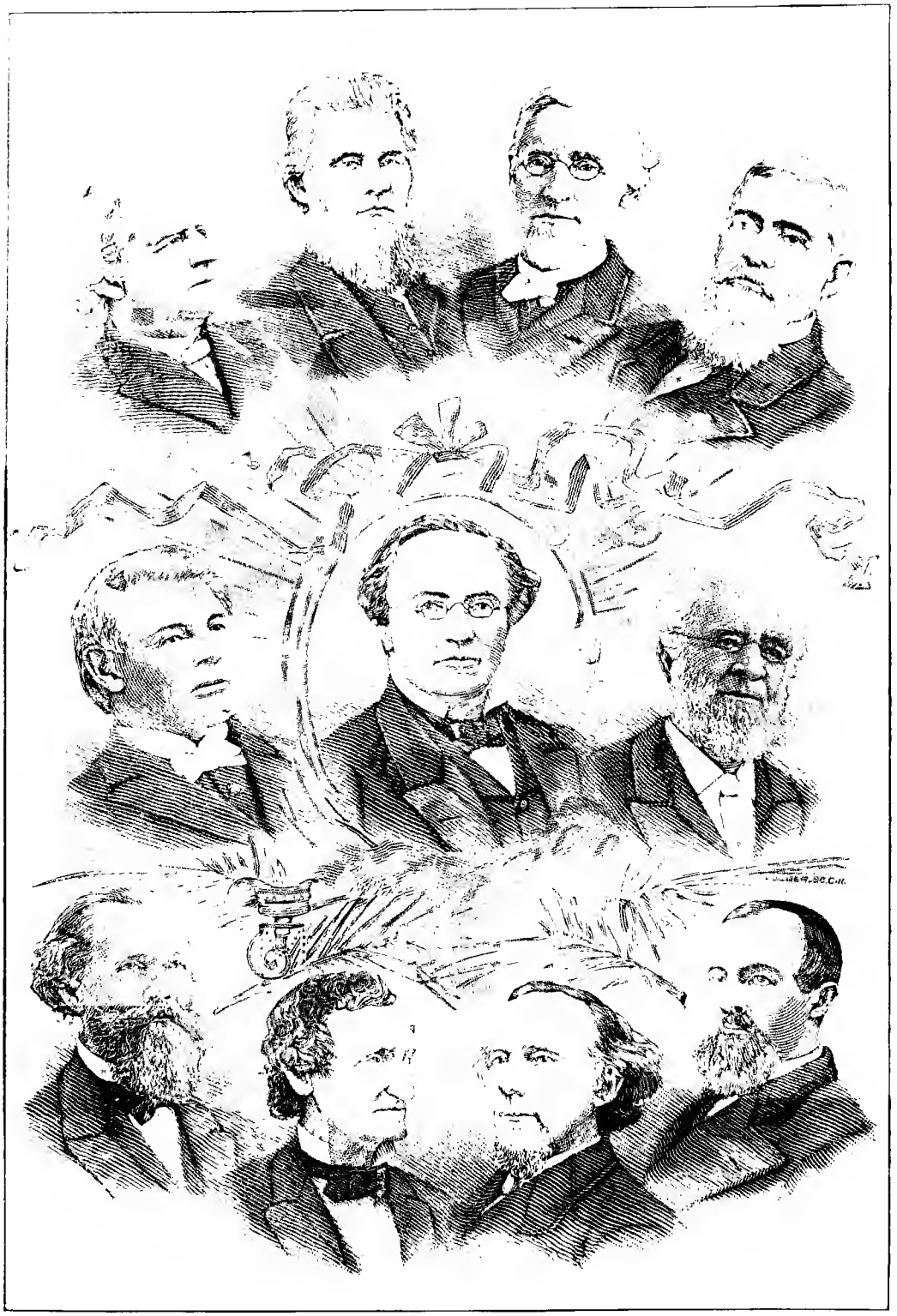
[1] "Within three days after the proclamation was issued, a line of intrenchments, ten miles in length and semicircular in form, was thrown up, extending from the river bank above Cincinnati, to the river bank below it, well armed and fully manned" (Lossing, vol. xi, p. 504).

to be unfit for military duty by reason of permanent physical disability."

Not only were his services valuable in the Kirby Smith and the John Morgan raids, but throughout the war. Although he was never regularly enlisted, and consequently not strictly eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, such was its appreciation of his work that he was made a "comrade" by the Fred C. Jones Post, 401, Department of Ohio. No man ever wore the little bronze button more proudly or more worthily.

In 1862, though but an apprentice to church work, he was advanced to the great and critical responsibilities of supervising the Ladies' Home Mission in Cincinnati. This organization had for its object "to raise funds for the purpose of sending missionaries to the destitute of the city and vicinity, and, so far as means would allow, to establish Sunday schools, to circulate the religious literature of the church, and in every other way to labor for the good of souls" —truly a great commission. More than ever, because of the distractions of war and the flood tide of strangers, his utmost wisdom and energy were required. It was joyously given. On Sunday he preached in each of the three chapels —Carr Street, Mears, and Pine Street—and attended at least two of the eleven Sunday schools; Monday night he counseled with his official board; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thurs-

day nights, he held prayer meeting in the chapels respectively, and yet found time to organize a fourth appointment—Blanchard Chapel. Visiting the sick, stimulating the interest of the city churches, securing funds, together with all the pressing miscellaneous duties pertaining to his position, made a task too great for unaided man. But God helped, and sent his blessing on the work and on the worker. It was while thus crowded with duties that a new phase of missionary enterprise commanded his attention.



FOUNDERS OF THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY

LUKE HITCHCOCK, D.D. ADAM POE, D.D. J. M. REID, D.D. B. F. CRARY, D.D.
J. M. WALDEN, D.D., Sec'y BISHOP CLARK, Pres't R. S. RUST, D.D.
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CHAPTER IX

OUR BROTHER IN BLACK

THE condition of the contrabands, as the liberated slaves were called before the Proclamation of Emancipation gave them the nobler name of freedmen, was distressing in the extreme. As the Union army pressed further South, these wretched people, deprived of the protection and care of their masters, free only in name, slaves to poverty and sufferings unspeakable, in increasing numbers made mute but effective appeal to the humanity of the North. The response was quick and generous. Societies were organized, funds secured, supplies forwarded, and every effort put forth to alleviate their sufferings. The earliest society in the West to send material relief to these refugees was organized in Cincinnati, July, 1862, under the name of "The Contraband Relief Society" This was the direct outcome of a visit of that great friend and philanthropist, Levi Coffin, to the contraband camp at Cairo. His soul was harrowed by the spectacle of the freed people's want and misery, both moral and physical. No sooner had he reached Cin-

cinnati than he called a meeting, which organized as above, and appointed a Board of managers. Their memory should be perpetuated: Levi Coffin, Edward Harwood, the Revs. C. B. Boynton and R. D. Pollock, William Penn Nixon, James Pullan, Dr. J. P Walker, and four Methodists, namely, the Rev. Drs. Adam Poe and Calvin Kingsley—afterward Bishop—Mr. Joseph F Larkin, and the Rev. John M. Walden. The Society was interdenominational, including, besides the Methodists, Friends, Baptists, Congregationalists, United Presbyterians, and others. Dr. Boynton served temporarily as its corresponding secretary, until January, 1863, when Walden succeeded him and directed the first organized work among the contrabands. The Board soon became impressed that it was not enough to relieve their physical wants; but that schools should accompany material supplies, so that the shackles which bound their minds should be broken and thus they should be free indeed. But the majority felt that the project was premature. Whereupon, the minority withdrew, and formed the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, in December of the same year, shortly before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. Walden received a pressing request to become its corresponding secretary—practically its executive head. He realized full well what it meant of added toil and responsibility But his lifelong sympathy

with the slaves, intensified by his experience in Kansas, prompted his acceptance, with the proviso that only such service should be expected as would not interfere with his duties in the mission, and that some other person should be secured for the office as soon as possible. The work which he thought would be only temporary was lifelong.

Early in 1863 he sent teachers to the Freedmen's Camp at Cairo, Illinois, and on Island No. 10—the first teachers commissioned by a Freedmen's Aid Society to be sent into the Mississippi Valley. The Commission continued to open freedmen's schools in the wake of the Union armies in their southward occupancy, in Gallatin, Clarksville, Nashville, Murfreesboro, and other points, until, when peace was declared in 1865, its most Southern schools were at Washington College, near Natchez, and in Atlanta. During these years it had schools at every important port on the Mississippi River, from Columbus, Kentucky, to Natchez, and at various points from Clarksville and Gallatin, Tennessee, to Atlanta. To all these Walden sent teachers whom he had selected, and whom he supervised and visited at different times; and to this work was added the collection and administration of its funds, under the direction of the Board. The material supplies were in charge of that notable Quaker, Levi Coffin, already mentioned, reputed president of the

"underground railroad," which was put out of commission by Emancipation. Walden's heart was in the work; but he carried his double duties only at the price of robbing himself of sleep; in this respect even surpassing Wesley, his pattern and inspiration. After twenty months of such crucifying toil, his full pastoral term expired; and at the request of Commission and Conference, the bishop appointed him September, 1864, corresponding secretary—an office to which he gave his undivided energies for three Conference years.

About midsummer, 1865, several of the Freedmen's Aid Societies were federated under the title, The American Freedmen's Aid Association, of which Walden was made the Western secretary The corresponding secretary of the Northwestern Freedmen's Aid Commission, Chicago, having retired, and the maintenance of its work being imperiled by debt, Walden's first duty in the new position was to succor this embarrassed society Securing Dr. R. S. Rust[1] to manage the society in Cincinnati, Dr. Walden (for by this time, 1865, his Alma Mater had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divin-

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[1]Between Bishop Walden and Dr. Rust there was the utmost fellowship in this great work. From the above date until 1888, a period of twenty-three years, Dr. Rust was in official relation to the work. For twenty years he was corresponding secretary of our own Society, for sixteen its honorary corresponding secretary—altogether forty-one years a mighty champion and factor of the cause.

ity) succeeded in arranging for the gradual payment of the debt, which enabled the Chicago society to regain its standing, and also to maintain the best of its schools in different parts of the South.

The Congregational Church was probably the first to enter the field with a strictly denominational society. Soon after the Commission began operations the American Missionary Association, Congregational, engaged in the West, added work among the contrabands, and wrought a noble service. Two of its greatest achievements are the Fisk University, Nashville, and the Atlanta University. For both these it is indebted to the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission. Nashville early became a prominent center of the Commission's operations. There Dr. Walden became acquainted with that brave officer and stanch Methodist, General Clinton B. Fisk, who was ready and anxious to cooperate with whatever would relieve the blacks. When Professor Ogden, the Commission's teacher, arrived, he applied to the General for the use of certain unoccupied government hospital buildings. The General was free to dispose of the buildings, but the ground on which they stood was private property; and so he conditioned their transfer on the Commission acquiring title to the land. The matter was put before the Board in Cincinnati, and urged by General Fisk, Professor Ogden,

and Dr. Walden; but there were not funds sufficient to provide the teachers; how, then, could land be bought? Walden was so importunate that he proposed to obligate himself for the money if authorized by the Board. Authority was given, and through the kindness of Mr. Joseph F Larkin, a Cincinnati banker, ever prompt to help, he was able to secure on his own paper enough money for the first payment. The land was bought, and Professor Ogden opened the "Fisk School."

Meantime, church after church entered the work with its own society, thus cutting off the supplies from the nondenominational societies, with which, as we have seen, the Commission had merged. In 1866, ours was the only leading denomination which stood by the Union Societies. So that the end came when we organized the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, August, 1866. The American Missionary Association succeeded to the Fisk School, at Nashville, and to the Storrs School, at Atlanta, and to the office at Cincinnati. Of both institutions Dr. Walden was a pioneer and a potent factor. The war was over and our Missionary Society had established gospel missions among the colored people throughout the South. But it became increasingly apparent that schools were an essential complement to the missions. The Freedmen's Aid Society was distinctively educational, and the first such

organization in our church.[1] Yet it is doubtful if we would have had such a society had it not been for Dr. Walden's vision and persistent advocacy. Bishop Kingsley heartily favored the continuance of the interdenominational societies, indorsed by the General Conference of 1864. Almost his last words to Dr. Walden, before leaving on one of his long trips, charged him to maintain them. Dr. Durbin, as missionary secretary, discouraged any movement in our church, looking to separate organization; but Walden saw one denomination after another setting up for itself, and well knew that it was in the blood of Methodism, as perhaps in no other organization, to work for the regeneration of the blacks. For more than a year he urgently advocated the formation of a society under Methodist auspices. He had frequent and earnest conversations with Bishop Clark, resident in Cincinnati, who was equally convinced and lent all his great influence to the movement. The names of the Methodists in the Union Societies were at last secured to the call which Walden formulated for the convention. The convention hesitated and was won over only by the full and carefully prepared statement which

[1]There may be a friendly rivalry here. Dr. Nicholson, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, says in a note to the writer: "The Board of Education was begun by the General Conference of 1864, and the first charter is dated April 14, 1869. The first real work of the Society was done in the centennial celebration of 1866. We count 1866 as the real date of organization, and celebrate our fiftieth anniversary in 1916."

he submitted. He presented the draught of the constitution which was adopted. The convention was composed of eleven men: Bishop Clark, Luke Hitchcock, Adam Poe, J M. Reid, B. F Crary, Robert Allyn, Judge Goodrich, T. M. Eddy, J. F Larkin, Esq., R. S. Rust, and J M. Walden. Bishop Clark was elected president and Dr. Walden corresponding secretary He labored incessantly until the society was brought before every Annual Conference and fairly launched in its work and recognized by the General Conference of 1868. The General Conference not only would have recognized it, but would have adopted it then and there as one of the regular church societies, had not Dr. Durbin and others opposed it, doubtless fearing that it would weaken existing agencies. August 7 and 8, 1866, are red-letter days in the Methodist calendar, for then, in Trinity Church, Cincinnati, was born the Freedmen's Aid Society, which since that date has expended for the uplift of the blacks, $8,635,976; and has real estate, endowment, and equipment to the value of $2,229,690 (Statement of the Office, 1915).

In the first corps of officers Bishop Clark was president, Dr. Walden corresponding secretary, Dr. R. S. Rust field superintendent, and Joseph F. Larkin treasurer. The first concern was to get the cause before the church; and to this end these officers gave their utmost energy.

When arrangements were made, November 1, 1866, to open the first school, the limited beginnings of the present Walden University, the sum in the treasury was $1,088.88. During the first year, the cash receipts amounted to nearly $25,000.

In September, 1867, Dr. Walden was appointed presiding elder, but was requested to remain corresponding secretary with advisory functions, and he continued in this relation until the General Conference of 1868 made him one of the agents of the Western Methodist Book Concern.

We have given much space to this period of the Bishop's life; but its importance deserves a volume. No humanitarian work of American Methodism is more wonderful and blessed in its results. Consider what the freed people were, flung out by the war. Marriage among them had been but a form; wedded life almost a mockery, inasmuch as the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, had been subject to the caprice, or passion, or avarice of their masters. Before, it was a crime in many Southern States to teach the slaves to read; they were ignorant and pitiably superstitious. Without the restraints which for economic reasons slavery imposed, many lapsed into sinful idleness, vicious habits, excess of unbridled appetite and passion. Theirs was a poverty beggaring description—homeless, penniless, almost

friendless. Take this picture, drawn by Dr. Walden on the sixteenth anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, showing their condition when it began its work among them: "Yonder I see, herded together in a 'corral,' the contrabands, a mixed and half-clad multitude of all ages, barely kept from famishing by stinted rations; under a tree or shed near by are children, youths, and older ones, pressing around the fair, sweet-faced teacher, whose soul is absorbed in her blessed work. Angels seldom have so grand a mission—they never ministered with a purer motive. The names of a thousand such heroines might be given, and ought to be preserved. Twenty years sweep by; the contraband is almost forgotten, but a freed people, with their homes and their industries, are a part of our nation. Instead of the 'corral' are college buildings of the best architecture, schoolrooms with many appliances and facilities, and corps of experienced teachers, true-hearted Christian men and women. The school in the 'corral' was first opened twenty years ago last January; to-day the school property owned by our Freedmen's Aid Society alone has cost about $350,000. I have not time to speak of the work of these twenty years—a benevolent work that is already affecting in most wholesome ways the condition of our country, and will entail benefits that are far-reaching and immeasurable."

The last General Conference, reviewing the results of the first fifty years' work for the freedmen, in which our society has borne a noble part, says: "The first half century in the education of the Negro furnishes a record unmatched in the history of any race. More than six out of ten can read the Bible as compared with seven out of ten emancipated Russian serfs yet in illiteracy. Thousands of trained ministers now give their lives with efficiency and a high sense of consecration to Christian service. Forty thousand churches, built at a cost of over fifty million dollars, are standing testimony to the religious life and moral earnestness of the Negro race. More than two thousand well-equipped physicians are giving higher vitality to the race and an ethical uplift to home and personal life. A host of Christian teachers trained in our colleges have become centers of intellectual energy. Multitudes have acquired homes and farms, giving every assurance of an ever-advancing economic future for the race."

Eternity alone can reveal the good wrought for the black race by the Freedmen's Aid Society. For three and a half years before its organization until his death in 1914, a period of fifty-one years, John Morgan Walden was officially connected with work for the freed people of the United States. As for our own society, he is its Nestor, if not its father. All this being so, it is an evidence of his self-effacement that

for thirty-one years, or until 1891, none of the many schools he had been instrumental in establishing was called by his name. Then at its annual meeting, the Board of Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education declared itself favorable to grouping the Central Tennessee College and the several institutes located in Nashville into the Walden University. That was the site of the first school organized by the society, made particularly interesting by the fact that it was opened in a Confederate gun-factory, secured by General Fisk. Dr. Walden had become personally responsible for a fine tract of land, known as the Hurley Property, costing $18,000. The action was a tardy but eminently proper recognition of his self-sacrificing labors.

Ten years later, 1907, this same Board, when, owing to Bishop Walden's retirement from the active episcopacy, the presidency was taken over by Bishop Spellmeyer, by a rising and unanimous vote, adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Bishop John M. Walden, D.D., LL.D., has for more than forty years been intimately connected with the affairs of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society (one of the component members of this Board)—variously, as one of its earliest secretaries, as its treasurer, as a member of its Board of Managers, and of its Executive Committee, and as its President—rendering continuous and eminent service in these several responsible posts in behalf of the great interests of education in the Southland, and of the Christianization and intellectual and moral elevation of both the white and black population; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Board hereby formally expresses its

high regard for Bishop Walden personally, and its profound appreciation of his long and indefatigable labors rendered in carrying this truly Christian work on his mind and heart, in planning so wisely and largely for the planting and extension of our schools, in supervising and directing their administration, in traveling very extensively and visiting very frequently our educational centers, in counseling with managers, committeemen, and agents as to the most desirable lines of development for this cause of such vast importance to the church and the nation. In conjunction with Dr. Rust, with whom he was associated for the better part of a lifetime, he, more than any other, has directed the location and policy of our schools and colleges in the South. The colored race of America, in particular, has had no better friend within the bounds of our country than he. With broad statesmanship, with a clear perception of the intricacies of the problem of the uplifting of the whole race, with diplomatic skill and rare prophetic foresight as to the needs of the present and the future—never shown to better advantage than in his activities in these, his latest years—he has been able to suggest the most fortunate ways and means of developing this great philanthropy. The favorable educational condition of large sections of our country will forever bear the mark of his guiding hand and will owe much of its prosperity to the end of time to his sagacity and devotion. And with this sincere estimate of his services and self-sacrifices we subscribe our names as his fellow workers for Christ and humanity.

CHAPTER X

CONFERENCE ACTIVITY

THE full current of work for the freedmen has swept over these three years, and given no chance to identify Dr. Walden with the inner history of his Conference during this period. Let us now study the latter.

A review of the minutes of the Cincinnati Conference shows his constant and prominent activity, as assistant secretary, member of important committees, vice-president Sunday School Union, manager Conference Missionary Society, and so on. Such was his ability and reputation as a newspaper man that the agents of the Book Concern selected him to have charge of the Daily Advocate for the General Conference of 1864, which met in Philadelphia. That his work was satisfactory to the delegates appears from the fact that Bishop Kingsley and delegates from the patronizing territory favored his election to the editorship of the Northern Christian Advocate, and doubtless the way had been clear to his election if he had been free to stand for the office. But his rule was never to push himself, and his duties to his mission and

JOHN M. WALDEN AS PUBLISHING AGENT (1871)

to the freedmen's work forbade even a passive candidacy. There can be no doubt as to the kind of editor he would have made; but it is not pleasant to conjecture what influence his election might have had on his future.

While yet at York Street, Bishop Ames sent for him to meet him at the Book Concern, and offered him the superintendency of the Colorado Mission. Mrs. Walden was ready to follow where duty called; all his natural impulse thrilled at the prospect of further pioneer adventure; he coveted the Pauline experience of preaching and foundation-laying in the regions beyond. But the Bishop had not sent him; he dared not assume responsibility to send himself. Providence, through the authorities of the church, had fixed his present work; there he must remain until relieved and ordered elsewhere by the same authorities. One can see in this the dawning characteristics of his own episcopal administration.

But though thus conservative, there was a vein of radicalism in his composition. At the Conference in Xenia, in 1863, when a motion was pending to instruct its delegates to the General Conference to favor an elective presiding eldership, he, though only three years a full member, offered a substitute which prevailed, that the delegates should favor a provision under which the presiding elders should be selected through nomination by the presiding bishop and con-

firmation by the Conference, the vote being by ballot. He never changed his belief that this was sound in principle, nor ceased to hope that it might prevail when the district stewards have a seat in the Annual Conference, or the laity are represented in some other way, so that all who are interested in the work of a presiding elder—the bishop, the preachers, and the laity—may share in his selection.

How progressiveness flowered on the stalk of his unswerving conservatism is even more clearly shown in his position on the question of transfers, which was warmly debated at the Conference at Ripley, in 1866. He held that the church was a unit; that Conference boundaries were merely for efficiency in administration, not to put a ban on the inherent transfer power of a bishop. Each preacher has the right to be appointed to any charge open to him in the connection, and to which he is adapted. It is the bishop's duty to make any transfer which the interests involved require, and which his judgment approves. It was not then usual for one so young in the Conference to join in the debates; but the views he expressed on the pending question, though contested by some of the older members and strong debaters, were heard with at least an encouraging interest. The Conference requested his appointment to the corresponding secretaryship of the newly organized Freedmen's Aid Society of our church. A still

more convincing proof of its confidence was given the next year by his election to the General Conference, when he had been a full member only seven years, and was the youngest man ever so chosen by the Cincinnati Conference. This assurance was repeated, with relatively larger votes, until he had served in five successive General Conferences—three times as leader of his delegation—and had been called to the episcopacy. At the Conference in 1867, on the nomination of Bishop Clark, Bishop Andrews appointed him presiding elder of the East Cincinnati District. He began his work in the most systematic and thorough manner, and every interest felt the inspiration of his leadership. But his signal ability had become so widely known that the May following, the General Conference made him assistant agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern, with Luke Hitchcock as senior agent. Thenceforth for twelve years the firm was Hitchcock & Walden, and for the four years following, Walden & Stowe—sixteen years in all, of strenuous service, carrying on and advancing the noble inheritance they had received from their able predecessors, and preparing the way for renewing the dividends to the Annual Conferences; the judicial award to the Church South having been liquidated and the loss sustained by the Chicago fire having been met.

From its founding, in 1789, The Methodist

Book Concern has been increasingly the most important agency in our church. Now that the management has been unified, even greater results may be expected. The total sales since 1844, as reported to the General Conference of 1912, were $96,653,838, practically equally divided between the Eastern and Western Houses. The total assets, 1914, are $5,924,630. Manifestly, sixteen years, incessantly devoted to this work, calling him into every section of the country, constituted one of the most important and useful chapters in his history and led up to his election, in 1884, to the episcopacy. Bishop Cranston, who succeeded him as publishing agent, paid this exalted tribute at the funeral services, to his great ability in that office.

"It was probably his practical knowledge of the printing business, along with his aptitude for hard work, that commended him for the office of publishing agent, at the early age of thirty-six. His term of service fell in the years between 1868 and 1884, and covered a period of widespread business depression and financial stress. The Book Concern is now so strong and growing so rapidly that the trials of those years appear almost incredible. With his cool head, resourceful brain, and his genius for figures and for hard work as well, Dr. Walden was a worthy colleague for his senior, Dr. Hitchcock, and the House not only weathered the storm,

but reported in 1884 a profit of more than $100,000, for the quadrennium then closing. When I came into his place in 1884 I took over his working desk. It was a formidable architectural aggregation of imposing parts. Its immense pigeon-holed doors swung slowly open, like the heavy fire-proofed doors of a bank vault, and once opened, revealed a labyrinth of receptacles that was enough to craze the brain of a new man called to master their contents. But that long index finger of his knew its way to every cranny, and his capacious mind held the photograph of every document and its hiding place. It must have been that desk which gave the first stoop of his strong shoulders by pulling forward his head to the pad on which he figured, or the paper on which he wrote so constantly. For be it noted here that all those sixteen years the agent's heavy correspondence was done by his own hands. I found but one stenographer in the whole establishment, and she was in the merchandise department. I doubt if elsewhere in all the city can be found such a revelation of managerial economy and official industry as his old letter-books contain."

To the same effect is the testimony of Mr. S. H. Pye, himself at one time publishing agent of the Western House, and for many years associated in business with Bishop Walden, and that, too, when the business was under the most trying conditions. This, says Mr. Pye, was "at

a time when the credit of the Western Methodist Book Concern was considerably below par, and when the Eastern House had ceased to relieve its financial distress. Its paper would have gone to protest, had not Dr. Walden, as he was at that time, had friends who believed in him and felt that he would win out in the struggle to carry the Concern through its financial difficulties. Among these no more honorable name appears than that of Joseph Larkin, a private banker of Cincinnati, who never hesitated to meet any call that Dr. Walden made upon him. He lived to see his friend's triumph and the Western House prosperous beyond that of any other department of our church enterprises. Others who stood by the Doctor during these troublous times were Amos Shinkle, of Covington, Kentucky, and the sainted Dr. Rust, men who believed in John M. Walden. It is but just to say, in explanation of these financial difficulties, that at that time all our work—particularly that West of the Mississippi—was of the nature of a missionary field. Preachers were supplied with necessary books and periodicals without the slightest hesitancy on the part of Dr. Walden, who well knew that their scant salaries and scarcer collections gave no promise of immediate liquidation. Yet unfalteringly, he OK'd the orders submitted to him by the credit clerks, believing implicitly in the ultimate collection of every dollar of credit awarded to

those deserving but embarrassed ministers. His faith in the integrity of his brethren was one of the beautiful characteristics of his life, and many a discouraged preacher would have been turned aside from his sacred calling to secular pursuits had it not been for the help and encouragement given by this man of God. I have seen the evidence of his generosity in hundreds of cases, where he and his family suffered deprivation through the division of his meager salary with brethren whose condition otherwise would have been unendurable. To no man who has ever filled the position of book agent is more credit due for its brilliant success."

Equally impressive is the present-day estimate, as given by Dr. H. C. Jennings, the head of the united Book Concern, in the Methodist Review:

"During the years of his administration as publishing agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern that House passed through what is perhaps the most critical period of its entire history. The Civil War had just been brought to a close and the period of reconstruction was in full swing. In its earlier years the Western House had enjoyed the growing Methodist patronage of practically the entire South. Consequent upon the division of the church in 1844 and the long litigation resulting in the division of the property of the Book Concern, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, receiving a share

under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, a heavy task was laid upon Hitchcock & Walden, the publishing agents of the Western House, the burden of which was to continue the business and pay over their share of the money belonging to the South. But the business coming to the House from the South was very largely destroyed; the small amount being done during those days in the South being more of a missionary proposition than a source of profit. The West and Northwest were still young and poor. A very large part of what is now Methodism's most prosperous area was missionary ground. The means of communication were then only partially developed; neither books nor periodicals could be had at so cheap a price as now. The average prices were more than double what they are to-day The development of our Sunday school literature, now the largest output in the world, was then but just begun. What is now the greatest source of profit in publications was then almost of no profit at all. Another event which made the position of the Book Concern critical at this time was the Chicago fire of 1871, in which both the building and stock of the Book Concern in that city were swept out of existence. There have been calamities by fire in the Book Concern on two or three occasions in the later years, and while the losses have been considerable, such has been the volume of later business that

the effect has not been noticed. It was not so with the Chicago fire. There was a bonded indebtedness, besides many current debts at the parent house in Cincinnati. The depositories at Chicago and Saint Louis had never been profitable. There were seasons when the future of the entire Western House was uncertain...

"When at the end of his sixteen years of service in the Book Concern, Dr. Walden was transferred to another field of labor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that, while the total assets of the business were not as yet great, yet they were constantly growing. There was no longer any question about the continuance and the future of the Western Book Concern. Its great debts were paid; the depository at Chicago rehabilitated from fire, was more prosperous than ever before. The depository at Saint Louis had fully justified its existence. For the first twelve years of his Book Concern work he had the helpful partnership of Dr. Luke Hitchcock; for the last four years that of Dr. W P Stowe. It may be safely said that he was the policy-maker and the executive head of the long administration.

"Just before leaving for the South on his final journey, last winter Bishop Walden dropped into the office of the writer, as was his frequent custom, for a little chat; this time in weakness but with hopeful anticipation of a winter in the South under most pleasant con-

ditions. He spoke of the tasks he still had in hand, gathering the material for a history of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and putting in order some facts for his own autobiography which he had been urged to write. Speaking with great freedom of current matters, he asked a few questions about the Book Concern and its present work, and then said with a smile: 'It gives me very great satisfaction to know that while I was here in the day of small things, yet I helped to lay the foundation for this present great work, and that some of my plans still appear in the structure of the business.' And he had a right to such satisfaction, because if it had not been for the unyielding determination to make the Book Concern a success, from 1868 to 1884, piloting it through stormy seas and bringing it finally safely to a place of prosperity, certain I am that its present prosperity would not be possible."

All in all, perhaps it was his work in the Book Concern which gives in the clearest light the ability, resourcefulness, steadfastness, and greatness of the man. Like Wesley, he had no time to make money for himself. He consecrated every resource of mind, body, and estate to the success of the work assigned him to do. He met promptly every personal financial obligation; but many ventures that were lawful and full of promise he held as not expedient. When elected book agent, he was a stockholder

and director in the newly organized Union Central Life Insurance Company. He immediately resigned and sold his stock, despite the remonstrances of the directorate. He feared such holdings would divert some of his attention and energies from the duties which were entitled to all. The things which were gain he literally counted loss, that he might devote his entire being to the work to which he had been called. In no one thing does his moral strength more clearly appear than in thus taking the spoiling of his goods joyfully.

Throughout his life Bishop Walden was passionately fond of Cincinnati and eager to advance its interests. This trait of his character was appreciated, and love answered love. All classes knew him and admired him; and on every suitable occasion manifested their affectionate regard. Confidence in his business and literary ability found expression in his appointment to the Board of Education for three terms, 1866-1869. As chairman of its library committee he was influential in securing to the free public library the legal provisions through which it annually receives $17,000 for books. From first to last, Cincinnati looked upon him, in all civic movements and functions, as an eminently worthy representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and therein had the hearty concurrence of the denomination.

CHAPTER XI

TWENTY YEARS AN ACTIVE BISHOP

VERY naturally the conviction began to take form that Dr. Walden was good "bishop timber." He had ability, leadership, heart. The laity looked upon his elevation as decreed by such fitness. Cincinnati was greatly disappointed that he was not chosen in 1880, he having received the largest vote of any not elected. As the 1884 session drew nigh and he was again a delegate, hope became confidence. In every estimate his integrity was an element of the assurance. This had singular illustration in the views of the great journalist, one of Farmers' College "Big Four," Murat Halstead. He was established in his brilliant career when Walden was struggling for subsistence. He believed in him, and gave him journalistic help and encouragement. His interest became almost partisan. On one occasion, just before the General Conference, conversing with the Rev. Dr. John Pearson, Mr. Halstead said: "I hope they will make John Walden a bishop. If you knew him as well as I do, you would say the same. I have known him since we were boys

JOHN M. WALDEN WHEN ELECTED TO THE EPISCOPACY (1884)

together, and a more honest, conscientious, hard-working fellow you cannot find. He is brainy, too. When he and I were in school together he got what he called 'converted'; and that just turned him upside down. After that nothing would do but he must preach. The Conference sent him to some little starvation circuit, where they gave him hardly enough to keep soul and body together. At that time I had him make up for me the column of religious news, which I published in the Saturday issue, and paid him five dollars a week for it. One day I said to him: 'Look here, I have made up my mind that I don't want that matter for Saturdays. I am publishing a Sunday paper. I know you don't like it, but it is none of your business, and I am going to keep on whether you like it or not. I want to publish that matter of yours on Sunday hereafter, and as you need a little help, seeing those Methodists are almost starving you, I will pay you ten dollars a week for it. You don't need to write it, nor send it, Sundays, nor have anything to do with it Sundays. I'll do all that. You can furnish it Saturdays, or even Fridays as now; but I want to use it in the Sunday edition.' And would you believe it, he wouldn't do it! 'No, Mr. Halstead,' he said, 'I can have nothing whatever to do with a Sunday paper, to say nothing of making money out of it.' I believe he was a fool, of course; but then he was a conscientious fool,

and I respect him. I tell you he will do to tie to, and I want the Methodists to make him a bishop." And that year the General Conference, which met in Philadelphia, "tied to him," when it elected the following brilliant class: William Xavier Ninde, John Morgan Walden, Willard Fairchild Mallalieu, and Charles Henry Fowler.

Bishop Walden's first episcopal residence was in Chattanooga. Every interest of Methodism, social, educational, and evangelical, felt the inspiration of his wise and tireless spirit. From his relations to the freedmen's work and to the Western Book Concern, he had acquired an intimate acquaintance with conditions, needs, and opportunities in all the region round about from his Jerusalem to Illyricum. Nothing was overlooked nor neglected.

Upon the death of Bishop Wiley, in 1884, he removed to Cincinnati, his earliest and most loved home. He needed no naturalization. He had acquaintances and friends everywhere and in every class, from Cæsar's household to the humblest laborer. He was one to prince and peasant. No man was more loved and honored. He was never to move from the city to which he was so devotedly attached.

In the twenty years of his active episcopacy he presided over every Conference in the United States, and over some of them twice and even thrice. The preachers believed in him and wel-

comed his coming. Of course, some liked him better than others; but none could deny the clearness of his understanding and the sincerity of his purpose. If greatness as a preacher consists in ornate rhetoric and the arts of elocution, he could not be ranked as great. But, if it consists in luminous, interesting, and convincing treatment of important subjects, Bishop Walden belonged to the class of great divines. This singular incident is illustrative: A group of three Methodists, a lady teacher, a traveling man, and a minister, were discussing preachers and sermons, and agreed to compare notes as to the best sermon each had ever heard. The teacher was first to speak, and she gave the meed to a sermon which Bishop Walden preached in northeastern Kentucky, deeming it the most powerful to which she had ever listened. Since then she had heard him whenever it was possible, and was never disappointed. "That is singular," said the traveling man, "for when you made the proposition, instantly the name of Bishop Walden came to my mind, before you had mentioned it. Once, almost aimlessly, I had strolled into one of our Cincinnati churches, and seated myself, when who should I see enter the pulpit but Bishop Walden. He had always been a favorite, but that morning I never heard such a sermon from the lips of man." "An interesting coincidence," said the minister. "My thought also

turned to Bishop Walden. At a camp meeting in Kentucky, on Sunday morning, with several thousands present, Dr. Walden—for he was not then bishop—was the preacher. He had not been preaching ten minutes when all the restlessness of the camp ground was stilled. I never heard such a sermon. It was a matchless presentation of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. I think he saw Jesus only. The whole audience was affected, and twenty-two conversions were an immediate result. The common remark was, 'The preacher was certainly inspired.'" These may have been exceptional cases, but he never was dull and commonplace, and he never daubed with untempered mortar. A stenographic report of his sermon to the Northern New York Conference is before me. Text: For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings (Heb. 2. 10). In its plan, development, and application, it is a masterpiece.

His spiritual influence over his Conferences was marked. At the Northern German Conference, he conducted the pentecostal services, which, together with the whole session, were seasons of blessing and spiritual profit.

The correspondent of the Minnesota Conference said, "Perhaps no other bishop quite so thoroughly carries out the theory that the

total situation is the sum of all its parts, setting himself at work to master every detail." And Colorado styles him "Preeminently the business man of Methodism." Kansas considered him "remarkably level-headed," for when the Committee on Temperance stated in their report that the hope of the temperance cause was in the Prohibition party, he declined to entertain the report, and had it amended, so as to divest it of its political character, explaining that he had been a lifelong prohibitionist, and that while the Methodist Church was a prohibition church, it was not a political organization. At the Detroit Conference the practical bent of his mind appeared in a series of brief talks to the ministers, especially to the young preachers. We cull from the Michigan Advocate:

"He reproved the preachers for leaning upon the uncertain crutch of the evangelist, and urged them, if they lacked the power, to come with the rest of us to the pentecostal services.

"He warned the young men against falling in debt, declaring that a man who cannot live on his income has not the skill necessary to become a Methodist preacher. A probationer who does not keep his accounts squared should be dropped instanter.

"The best part of plenty of time is the first part. God has made no provision in nature or grace for a lazy man.

"It is not our business to gather members

out of other folds. We must go into the woods, cut down the timber, and hew and square it for the triumph of God.

"Ministerial courtesy is infringed upon when a pastor goes to another's charge to perform marriage or funeral services without that pastor's invitation.

"If some member has been doing wrong, go to him privately, in a manly way, and talk to him. Do not lecture him from the pulpit.

"Evidently, every one received his portion in due season."

"I was careful to state before the Conference," he says, "at least three things, with such elaboration as seemed proper: first, the sacred duty of the church to furnish the Conference claimants with a 'comfortable support'; second, that their right to such a support was as just as that of the pastor, the presiding elder, or the bishop; third, that, for these reasons, the claimants should have a pro rata share of the amount raised for pastoral support." Indeed, he took up all the different lines of important church work and showed how they might best be pursued. So that the German brethren averred that he was a Methodist in deed and in truth, adhering to the letter and spirit of our Discipline and looking after all the details of Conference business.

There is an impression that the bishops have found recently some new and improved methods.

Every one of them could be duplicated by Bishop Walden. For instance, it was his custom to visit the several presiding-elder districts in the intervals of Conferences, and to have pre-Conference meetings with the presiding elders. He did not flee from the after effects of his Conferences; but whenever it was practicable, tarried for post-Conference interviews and fellowship. So fully was this done in Oregon, in 1892, that the Portland Preachers' Meeting arranged for a farewell reception, which was largely attended. An address of love and appreciation, written "at the special and enthusiastic instance" of the ministers by three notable men—Hubbard K. Hines, J. W Bushong, and A. N. Fisher—was read by Dr. Hines. Speaking for the preachers and the people of the great Northwest, they did not congratulate the Bishop so much as they did themselves for what he had been able to do among them to conserve the interests and further the work of our beloved Methodism. For the first time in many years, if not in their history, a bishop had remained long enough to enter into their every-day sympathies and touch them in their every-day work. In the Conference chair bishops are only bishops. We do not *love* bishops: we *honor* them, revere them, and sometimes are afraid of them. But when they can come close to us and let us feel the thrill of contact with their great broad-minded, Christian manhood,

their Christly brotherliness, then we love the bishops. Bishop Walden had thus won both their respect and their love.

Further, not only had his ministry among them stimulated their intellects, but it had stirred their souls to a deeper spirituality.

Their appreciation of his administration of the polity of the church, the body of which spirituality was the soul, was correspondingly great. Our rules and regulations, our incomparable book of polity called the Discipline, have had from him such clear definitions and their observance such argument and appeal, as will overcome any adverse tendency, and must result in great good to Methodism throughout the Northwest. "Bishop Walden"—thus the address closed—"permit us for those for whom we have spoken and for ourselves, to place in your possession these written words as a testimonial of the sincerity and depth of our appreciative regard; and to take you once more by the hand and give you their benediction and our own: 'May the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ.'"

Twice—1886 in Piqua, and 1902 in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills—he presided over his native Conference. By none was his presidency more heartily welcomed or more sincerely appreciated. At the close of the second the following action was taken by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, The President of our Conference has been during his whole ministerial life a member of the Cincinnati Annual Conference, and has gone in and out amongst us as a brother beloved, both as an associate pastor and since his consecration to the highest office in the gift of the church, and has honored both the ministry and our Conference in his episcopal administration in world-wide Methodism; therefore,

Resolved, That it has given us special pleasure to greet and welcome Bishop Walden to preside over the deliberations of the Cincinnati Conference at this, the first session of its second semicentennial, and that it gives us much joy to greet also and have with us at this session our beloved and consecrated sister, Mrs. Martha Walden, wife of the Bishop.

And following the adoption of the resolution, the Conference surprised the Bishop and Mrs. Walden by presenting him with a gold-headed ebony cane, and her with a beautiful gold chain.

It is not to be supposed that in weariness extreme he may not at times have seemed stern, possibly irritable—especially toward the last, when absorbed in thought of his precious Elizabeth wasting away in hopeless decline. But such instances were few and wholly negligible, contrasted with his predominant urbanity, patient firmness, and brotherly love. Never was there a more unanimous consensus of opinion than that which places him in the very front of our bishops for ability, zeal, brotherly kindness, and charity. He was an episcopal Colossus, graciously robing greatness in unaffected simplicity.

Few bishops have been more widely con-

versant, by personal experience, with our foreign work. In the quadrennium, 1888-1912, he was traveling constantly. He was assigned in 1889 to visit Mexico. He spent nearly three months in visiting the various mission stations and schools. He held the Conference in Guanajuato, and, visiting most of our missions, extended the work into Oaxaca. In 1890 he made a tour of South America, looking carefully into the self-supporting missions on the west coast, furnishing the latest and fullest information the church had yet obtained concerning the status of the work in that region; and, passing to the eastern coast, he held the Conference in the Argentine Republic, visiting Uruguay, Paraguay, and Brazil. The following year he attended the Conferences in Europe—Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Norway and Sweden, and the Missions in Bulgaria, Denmark, and Finland.

In the quadrennium following, 1892-1896, he visited all our work in Japan and China, except West China. He was hindered from visiting Korea by the disturbed condition of her affairs. He was under appointment to Africa; but was induced by the earnest entreaties of bishops and officers of the Freedmen's Aid Society to forego the trip, on which his heart was set. The exposures incident to such a journey, together with his advanced age and consequent disability, were the decisive reasons. In 1900 he was again

in Europe, carefully administering the nine Conferences and Missions. Thus all our Missions, except as noted above, were carefully inspected.

Such visitation is of the utmost importance. The bishops, in their address to the General Conference of 1892, say: "The visit of one of our number to the foreign fields, including all the Annual Conferences, is regarded as an important part of our supervisory duties, both as conserving the connectional principle and as a means of keeping the heart of the church in touch of its entire constituency, so that the life-blood reaches every member of the body; but, more yet, that a lively interest may be kept in those distant fields, and that the funds raised on their behalf may be judicially administered.

It is doubtful if in the absence of such a provision, the unity of the body could be preserved." None could be better adapted to such supervision: his practical and commercial training, his knowledge of men, his habits of close observation and incessant activity, conspiring to fit him for its exactions and responsibilities. He was intent on learning and mastering every detail that would be valuable in the prosecution of our work. His presence in our missions was as inspiring as that of old King Peter on the Servian battle line. His reports to the missionary office were so comprehensive, practical, and lucid, that they called forth from

Secretary Leonard this unequaled tribute: "Since I have been in the missionary office I have had opportunity to know of Bishop Walden's visitation to the foreign field, and have frequently said, what I repeat now, that no man has ever come back from a visitation to our foreign work with a clearer and more definite knowledge of its extent and needs than he."

He followed up his visitations with careful and constant study of the field, and ever after was of recognized worth and influence in the General Committee as a shaper of our missionary policy. Indeed, in the Committees of Home Missions and Church Extension, Foreign Missions, and Freedmen's Aid—of which the bishops are ex officio members—his usefulness and influence were great. His experience had singularly fitted him for each, and enabled him to render unsurpassed service.

In the sessions of the General Conference the public duties of the bishops are confined to presiding in turn over the body, and in rendering such service as is specifically laid upon them. But in the intervals of the daily sessions the bishops are in conference among themselves, studying the bearing of new enactments, and the means necessary to make them successful, and in so dividing and distributing all the work as adequately to provide for every interest of the church. In all this Bishop Walden was an important factor. His long term of service as

secretary of the Episcopal Board was eminently able and satisfactory. As there are not more than twenty-six working days in a General Conference session, and each effective bishop presides in turn, scarcely more than one presidential day to each is possible. It helps when there are afternoon and night, as well as forenoon sessions. In the twenty years of his episcopacy Bishop Walden presided over the General Conference only eleven times—seven forenoons and four afternoons. He was a good president, thoroughly versed in parliamentary law. There was but one appeal from his ruling, and that was not sustained, though made by an astute parliamentarian. And but once was his Annual Conference administration brought under review by reason of complaint to the General Conference; and in that instance the complaint was not sustained.

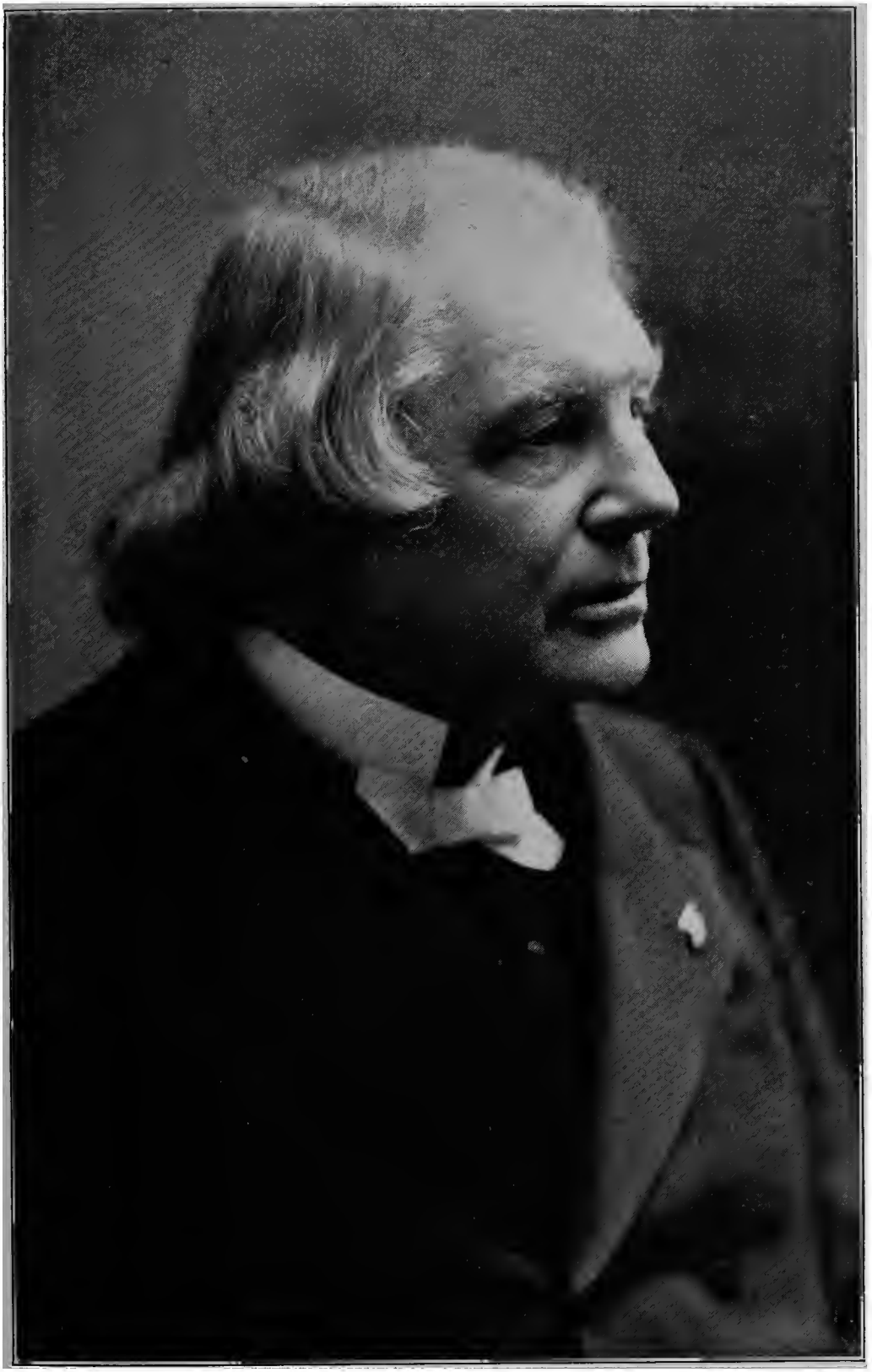
CHAPTER XII

IN ACTIVE RETIREMENT

The General Conference of 1904 met in Los Angeles, and was remarkable, among other things, for the retirement of Bishops Merrill (on his own motion), Mallalieu, Walden, Vincent, Andrews, and Foss—six of the ablest men of the Board. The following resolution, offered by Dr. James M. Buckley, was adopted unanimously:

> In the long careers of the bishops classified by this General Conference as superannuates, the character of each has been approved by successive General Conferences, and our regard for them and our high estimate of the value of their services remain undiminished. Their superannuation was based entirely upon their age and condition, with respect to the expediency of requiring of them for the next four years the permanent responsibility, the protracted strain, and the almost continuous travel involved in the duties of the episcopacy.

This change of relation, made when there were no signs of mental or physical weakness, was doubtless a sore trial to Bishop Walden. But with characteristic self-repression and control he gave no intimation of surprise, or injury, or sorrow, and readjusted himself to the things



BISHOP WALDEN WHEN RETIRED (1904)

that remained. That "retirement" did not check his activity is clearly shown by this experience of Dr. Christian Golder, at the time on the editorial staff of The Christian Apologist.

"In June of 1904, shortly after the Bishop's retirement, I met him on a Saturday evening en route from Cincinnati to Detroit. He arrived at Detroit shortly before midnight. On Sunday morning he spoke to a Sunday school, then preached, and after the morning service held an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting. At three o'clock in the afternoon he gave a lecture on 'Africa' at a union meeting in one of the largest churches in Detroit. At seven o'clock in the evening he spoke to the Epworth League at the church where he was to preach. At eight o'clock he preached a powerful sermon, as I was told afterward, and at ten o'clock took the train to Cincinnati, where I again met him. Next morning he addressed the Preachers' Meeting at The Methodist Book Concern. In the afternoon he presided at a meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society, of which he was president. This meeting lasted until long after five o'clock. In the evening he attended the German Camp Meeting, which was held near Cincinnati, and it was ten o'clock when he left the camp ground, being just as bright and cheerful as I had seen him Saturday evening when I met him on the Detroit train. Thus were two days spent by

this retired bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Indeed, the last ten years of his life were as remarkable for churchly labor as any previous decade. The first year of his retirement he traveled 32,879 miles. As president of the Board of Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church; as president emeritus of the Freedmen's Aid Society; as a member of the Commission on Federation; as an episcopal member of the General Committees—Missions, Foreign and Home, Church Extension and Freedmen's Aid; as an indispensable factor in the semi-annual conferences of the bishops; as chairman of the General Conference Committee on Boundaries; as trustee of the Ohio Wesleyan University, of West Virginia Wesleyan College, of Clark University, of Walden University, of local hospitals, Homes, and the City Missionary Society; and in many other active relations to the church, and in high and important offices in the Masonic body—there was no diminution of his laborious and useful activity.

And yet as not before the underglow of domestic joy and social cheer was revealed through the widening rifts in imperious public service. He was always a lovable character. The laughing babe, scaling the chair-barricade, and seeking the spring bubbling amid flowers and foliage; the hard-worked lad, toting boards to roof the flatboats; the handy boy in the

theater; the enterprising peddler; the kindly school-teacher playing marbles with his scholars; the news-getter and political speaker; the genial circuit preacher; the glad-handed city missionary, ever aiding the poor; the pioneer friend of the freedmen; the manager of the great Book Concern, where his memory is fragrant after all these years; the bishop, impartial and solicitous for the welfare alike of preachers and people—in youth and old age, kindly, benevolent, beloved.

> **Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,**
> **In differing moods and ways,**
> **May prove to those who follow in our train**
> **Not valueless nor vain.**

And as his age advanced its epochs had their grateful recognition. District and Annual Conferences, Preachers' Meetings, fraternal orders, Cincinnati and Denver, Peking and Buenos Ayres, Mexico City and Honolulu, Stockholm and Rome, and almost uncountable others strewed his way with fragrant flowers of appreciation. Each of these functions has sufficient interest to justify insertion, were our space less limited. As it is, we must be content with four, the first being the celebration of his seventieth birthday, in Saint Paul's, Cincinnati, February 11, 1901, under the general direction of the Preachers' Meeting, the Rev. Dr. Davis W Clark, chairman. Dr. and Mrs. C. W.

Blodgett threw open the parsonage parlors, and the afternoon was a glad scene of friendly greeting. At night the reception was continued, and the great auditorium was thronged by pastors and people and prominent friends from the city and vicinity, who delighted to show their appreciation of one who, throughout his varied career, had distinguished himself and honored his church and his city.

The semicentennial of his ministry was recognized by the Methodists of Cincinnati and by the Cincinnati Conference. His discourse, prepared by the request of the Conference, was delivered at the seat of the Conference, Greenfield, Ohio, September 10, 1908. He took no text. His introduction gave his estimate of the value of Conference membership in shaping the life and work of a Methodist preacher. The first ten years of one's ministry usually determines his career. It was so in his case, as he proceeded to show, by outlining his experiences from the date of his reception on trial, in 1858, to 1867, when he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, where he was chosen as assistant agent for the Western Methodist Book Concern. During that decade it was his good fortune to be associated in ministerial appointment and service with preachers of sterling worth, nine of them presiding elders: William Herr, who presented his name to the Conference; David Reed, Michael Kauffman, Michael

Marlay, John F Mitchell, Granville Moody, W. H. Lawder, J. W Fowble, and Lafayette Van Cleve; and three pastors, J. C. Bontecou, M. G. Purkhiser and D. J. Starr—all beyond in the kingdom except Dr. Starr. Think of these twelve strong, brotherly men, he says, and you may know what it meant for a young itinerant to have such colleagues, and to be under the supervision of such presiding elders and have their wise counsel and judicious encouragement. These and many other salient facts in that decade, he avers, warrant him in repeating what he had before declared, that the Cincinnati Conference had made him what he was as a Methodist preacher. During those years he was led to think of the larger problems, only the margins of which were touched by what then busied him, and which the subsequent four decades had necessarily so greatly enlarged. Some of those problems were—and he unfolded each—the Financial Problem; our Circuit System; the Rural Problem; the Fraternal Problem; the City Problem; and the Negro Problem. The discourse was made a part of the Conference Minutes and printed in pamphlet form.

On July 3, 1909, came the golden wedding. In a sunny little "flat of four rooms and a bath," on the second floor of the Alexandra, lived the sunniest of sunny couples. How often have I seen "Patsy" on the veranda, aureoled in the glory that shone from her gray hair, now waving

good-by to "John," as, smiling back, he took the car for his office; and now watching with loving eagerness for his return. If he were leaving the city, he would always go to a telephone booth at the station and send her his tender adieux; and again, upon returning, to phone her a kiss of joy.

One day, before the golden wedding, a representative of the Times-Star called to see what they were planning for their anniversary. Mrs. Walden opened the door. "Want to see papa?" she asked. The Bishop smiled pleasantly as he stood in the door of a small room, opened at his wife's call. "He's taken my kitchen to cook his sermons in," she laughed. "You see," said the Bishop, "mother has done enough cooking in her time; so I just took what would have been the kitchen, and made it into a study. She's served her time at cooking, and we take our meals at the café." When asked about their plans he said: "The flat isn't big enough for a social event such as we would have to give to include even a part of our friends. So we are just going to say informally to all, 'Drop in and shake hands with us, if you care to.' "

But the reporter knows how to get a story whether you will or not; and he wanted their recipe for a happy married life, for back of them were fifty golden years; each succeeding year happier than its predecessor, and the fifty a great big bundle of happy memories.

"I won't say," smiled the Bishop, "that we never had a 'spat,' but I will say that we never have forgotten how to make the best of things." And the smile in his eyes as he looked across to the white-haired wife was reflected in hers.

And the reporter got the recipe, after all. Well for our readers, if they follow it: "Marriage is a matter that strictly concerns two people. The secret of wedded happiness lies in making the best of everything; in never forgetting that every cloud has a sunny lining; in the deference and consideration of these two people each for the wishes of the other; in a keen remembrance of the little courtesies of life so dear to woman's heart on the man's part, and a regard on the woman's part of the comfort and entire well-being of her husband in his home and domestic life."

All the afternoon and evening of that glorious day, surrounded by their children, amid golden flowers—roses, lilies, daisies—under a canopy of delicate ferns, fastened by bands of white tulle and banked with brilliant yellow flowers, Bishop and Mrs. Walden received their hosts of friends. The procession was halted only long enough for William Fletcher Boyd, Esq., in behalf of ministerial and lay friends, to present them a golden gift, each coin bearing the mint-stamp of 1859, the wedding year. The beloved recipients each responded with words of tender appreciation. In the interval

between the afternoon and evening, the family gathered about a beautifully garlanded board, where domestic affection had its incarnation: Bishop and Mrs. Walden, Leonard Walden, M.D., of Bond Hill; Mary Walden (Mrs. S. B.) Bowman, and her daughter, Elizabeth, of Berkeley, California; Stanley O. Royal, D.D., and his wife, Matilda Walden, and their daughters, Mary Goode and Marguerite, of Dayton, Ohio; and Elisha C. Walden, Ph.D., and his wife, Louise, of Athens, Tennessee.

What a treasure is that Golden Wedding Book, with the autograph signatures and sentiments of as noble a band of friends as ever graced such an event, and how inspiring the verses under which they were inscribed!—

> From that day forth, in peace of joyous bliss,
> They lived together long without debate;
> Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
> Could shake the safe assurance of their state.

In the bushels of letters came a beautiful poem from Emily Bugbee Johnson, the first and last stanzas of which read:

> Fifty years of joy and sorrow,
> Pain and pleasure, good and ill;
> Hand in hand, and hearts grown closer,
> Ye are faring onward still.
> On your heads the crown of silver,
> On your hearts the glow of youth;
> And God's peace, past all our knowing,
> Springing from his wells of truth.
> . . . . . .

Friends are come with warmest greetings
On this dear memorial day,
Asking that God's richest blessings
Still may crown the further way.
Children and the children's children
Gather 'round you in their love;
While dear, happy eyes are shining
Brightly on you from above.

A quotation from Dr. Levi Gilbert's editorial in the current issue of the Western Christian Advocate fitly concludes the chronicle of this memorable event:

"One of the most enjoyable stories we have ever read is John Halifax, Gentleman. We devoutly wish that our fiction writers would give us more such pictures of ideal married life instead of confining themselves simply to the days of courtship, and winding up the tale with the wedding. If any novelist could truly catch the spirit of such a half-century love match as that of Bishop and Mrs. Walden, and if he could succeed in depicting it in all its beauty, tender grace, and mutual devotion, he would produce a prose poem that would be immortal. For these two have verily walked this world 'Yoked in all exercises of noble end.' It is as if, in the words of Tennyson, each had said to the other,

'Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world.'"

The celebration of his eightieth birthday was the crowning demonstration of affection. It

was held February 11, 1911, in Trinity Church, the scene of the organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and consequently peculiarly fitted for this recognition of one of the society's founders. No personal invitations were issued, but wide publicity was given that all his friends would be welcome. The Preachers' Wives' Association did the honors of the occasion. Besides Bishop and Mrs. Walden, in the receiving line were his children, Resident Bishop and Mrs. David H. Moore, Mrs. Bishop Wiley, and Dr. D. Lee Aultman, pastor of Trinity Church, and Mrs. Aultman. During the afternoon a constant stream of friends—Christians, Jews, and Gentiles—passed down the receiving line, exchanging heartfelt greetings and breaking bread together—a social scene not to be surpassed. The most noted literary feature was this poem composed and read by the Rev. Levi Gilbert, D.D.

Greetings—felicitations—rich and free,
Walden, than thou none loved or honored more!
What glorious off'ring for humanity
Thy strenuous life, still active at fourscore!

Guiding within the schoolroom eager youth,
Employing types in waging holy war;
Wielding thy pen for God and man and truth—
Teacher and journalist and editor!

Freedom defending against thralldom's claims,
And building constitutions for free States—
A legislator fired by loftiest aims,
And damning slav'ry with inveterate hates!

While Christ proclaiming and his righteous laws,
Thy country heard thy self-denying vow;
A lifelong toiler in the black man's cause—
Preacher, philanthropist, and patriot, thou!

Presiding o'er thy Methodism's press,
The "leaves of healing" scatt'ring wide and far—
Papers and books to educate and bless—
Such service thine that time can never mar!

Problems and crises viewing with clear eyes,
Bishop revered, both patriarch and seer—
Consumed in labors, patient, strong, and wise—
Thou standest crowned beside thy noblest peer!

But not alone for rank I thee esteem,
Far more than bishop—thou'rt my trusted friend;
God lead and keep thee! May each day's new gleam
Bring larger grace and peace until the end!

That end be long delayed! Then let it come—
Let Angels fling the pearly portals wide—
Acclaiming thee and shouting "Welcome home!"
Her praise conjoined who labored at thy side.

The Bishop's mail for a week was crowded with letters of congratulation from the bishops of both Methodisms, college presidents, officials of the Book Concern and church societies, editors, ministers, fraternities, Grand Army of the Republic; Presbyterians and all denominations; civil officers, State and national, every State being represented; and Porto-Rico, Cadiz, Zurich, Stockholm, in fact, all the Mission fields of Methodism. President William H. Taft wrote from the White House:

MY DEAR BISHOP WALDEN: I am advised that you will be eighty years of age on Saturday, February 11, and that a reception is to be given you on that day in Trinity Church. I write to congratulate you on being eighty years young. I know that you must look back with full happiness over your long and useful life; and that you may have many years of this continued happiness is the earnest wish of

Your friend and admirer,

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Equally cordial were the greetings of Vice-President Charles W Fairbanks, ex-Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, and Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio. Bishop Alpheus W Wilson, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, wrote from Baltimore:

MY DEAR BISHOP: Will you permit me to add my congratulations to those of your many friends upon your safe arrival at the eightieth milestone in your journey toward the everlasting Kingdom? Sure guidance and unfailing support have been given you. And I can only express the hope that they may still be yours until the want and weariness of earth shall give way to the fullness and power of the eternal life. This is my prayer.

An autograph letter from the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley was most gratifying:

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH: Having had your friendship for many years and seen and known your devotion to the Methodist Episcopal Church and its subordinate institutions, especially the concentration of your energies upon the welfare and progress of a race first wild, then enslaved, then freed, then thrown upon their limited resources, and then taken up as brothers of our church, it is a delight to me to have an unostentatious opportunity of paying to you a tribute of affection and appreciation.

It is not wonderful that you should have reached your eightieth birthday; for though you have been and are a hard worker, you have not overstrained your native energies; you have abhorred vice, and have always had some goal to reach.

May your declining years be calm and sweet, and your earthly sunset blend its rays with the light of the City of God, which, like its source, is eternal.

And among all the felicitations none were more beautiful in spirit and expression than this from Rabbi David Philipson, of Cincinnati:

My Dear Bishop Walden: What an exemplification you are of Goethe's word, "the eternally young!" It almost seems that somewhere in your extensive travels you have found the fountain of youth, and drunk of its waters. Why guard the secret so carefully and not disclose it to your friends?

I consider it a rare privilege to be numbered among your friends. I shall never forget the illuminating address you delivered during the dedication service of my temple. It was transfigured with the fine spirit of brotherhood that makes the whole world kin.

There is a beautiful Jewish wish which I hope will come true in your life—*Ad meah shanah!* May the Father of us all keep you among us in health and strength until you reach the one hundredth milestone!

The next Sunday, in the Walnut Hills Church, the Rev. Dr. M. A. Farr, pastor, where he was a most faithful attendant, to a great congregation, attracted by the announcement that he would preach his eightieth anniversary sermon, he delivered with even unusual unction and force a discourse on Gal. 6. 14, "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of

our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

The memory of the service will be cherished for years. The theme, treatment, and delivery were a worthy pulpit climax of his remarkable career.

CHAPTER XIII

BY THE INGLESIDE

As may have been inferred from the preceding pages, Bishop Walden's domestic life was singularly blest. The little Presbyterian lassie, who became a Methodist for love of him, walked joyously and helpfully by his side from 1859 until God closed his eyes to earth in 1914. He was survived by three of their five children—Leonard Walden, M.D., Mary Walden (Mrs. S. B.) Bowman, and Matilda Walden (Mrs. S. O.) Royal. The happy circle was first broken July 17, 1900, when their youngest child, Elizabeth, was called to the heavenly home. From infancy she was unusually winsome, and developed into rare grace of body and mind. She had every opportunity, social, literary, and religious, and improved all. The companion in travel of her parents, she saw much of the world, in Mexico, Hawaii, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, India, Egypt and the Holy Land. Literally "she was a part of all she met." She had a sympathetic appreciation of the different peoples, their habits, customs, and institutions. Her mastery of French, German, and music was

secured under native teachers in Berne; her classics in the Latin School of Woman's College, of Baltimore, where she won the hearts of the students and the commendation of her teachers. When visiting the missions in Mexico, she consecrated her life to that line of work; and although but thirteen years of age, never wavered in her purpose. Just when her aim was about to be realized, as a teacher in Crandon Institute, Rome, the school for girls connected with our Italian work, her always delicate constitution yielded; and, following a severe cold, came a persistent cough, which neither medical skill nor the climate of Colorado could overcome. In the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. S. Britain Bowman,—son of Bishop Bowman—in Denver, with her parents and sisters at her bedside, she went home to God. The last enemy to be destroyed is death. It was hard for her to resign her prospects of a useful life; but she gained a complete victory She said to her father: "Dear papa, are you not glad that you were here to help your little girl into the light? I am so weak I might have failed to reach it." She was very fond of carnations, and every day for five weeks, had pinned one on the lapel of her father's coat. Realizing that her end was drawing near, she said, "Papa, your little girl will not be here to do this for you, but"—turning to her mother—"mamma, you will sometimes pin a pink on papa's coat for me." A holy com-

mission faithfully discharged, even to the "pink" on his lapel when he too was laid away. After her victory over death her sky was radiant. She longed for voice to praise her blessed Lord. She added Bonar to her baptismal name, inherited from maternal Scotch ancestors related to Horatius Bonar, whose great hymn she greatly admired, the second stanza of which was now a heavenly anthem to her spirit:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

On her sister Mary's birthday the translation came. The preceding night was full of heavenly revelations. Stretching her hands toward the invisible, which God gave her to see, she exclaimed: "It is wonderful! Heaven is just over there; the gates seem dark on this side, but they are all golden on the other. Little Martha and Mary, my Mary"—favorite niece and schoolmate—"are there waiting to welcome me. Is this death? It is so easy to die; all is so beautiful; Heaven is just over there."

She gave farewell messages to each of those present, and thus closed that to her absent brothers: "Tell them to meet me in the heavenly

home. I will be waiting for them; they must come." God permitted her to greet her sister's birthday and bless the flowers, her last gift of love. Her heart was full of praise and thanksgiving. Her sweet voice was broken, but with beaming look she said: "If I cannot again praise my Saviour here, I shall praise him over there. Promise me, dear papa, to take dear mamma to hear The Messiah every year, and as you listen to the Hallelujah Chorus, you will have a faint idea of the praises sung by your little girl in heaven." The Bishop—whose wonderful description I have followed—tells the rest: "As the last vision opened to her, she said, 'Home! home! home!' I asked her, 'Darling, who is the dearest one you see in the home?' She answered promptly, distinctly, joyously, 'Jesus, my loving Saviour'; but her upward look was not changed. Still gazing with open and beaming eyes, she again uttered, 'Home! home!' Then there burst from her lips, in the clear tones she had longed for, now full and exultant, 'Glory! Hallelujah!' and she was at Home."

Only God could have enabled the Bishop to endure the bereavement. He was given strength according to his need, and let Bessie's sweet spirit inspire him with new courage, zeal, and consecration. A reflection of her transporting vision lingered through life in his kindly eye.

The second bereavement occurred in Chattanooga, October 18, 1909, when his youngest son, Elisha Chisholm, only thirty-eight years of age, died of abscess of the stomach, after a very brief illness. Elisha's training had been comprehensive and thorough. He was prepared in Chattanooga, and entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he took the Bachelor of Arts degree. Later he graduated Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, his specialty being biology. After teaching several years in our freedmen schools, he was made professor of physics and chemistry in the Athens Division of the University of Chattanooga, and at the same time took up medicine and surgery. He seemed certain of a brilliant career, when he was stricken with the fatal malady Funeral services were held in the University Chapel, preparatory to the removal of his remains to Cincinnati for burial. Dr. John H. Race, the president, had charge, and spoke most appreciatively of the deceased as a teacher, respected and beloved alike by faculty and students and citizens; and of his remarkable fortitude, after loving words of greeting to his parents and wife, as he was borne to the operating table in the hospital, where he died before the surgeons could operate.

Dr. Bovard, the vice-president, in charge at Athens, said that students and citizens were Dr. Walden's enthusiastic friends; and that all

esteemed his services among the institution's greatest assets. "There is sadness in all the hearts and homes in Athens; and united prayers for those upon whom this great affliction comes. The spirit, the independence, the indefatigable industry, the versatility and leadership, the masterful personality which Dr. Walden exhibited will never cease to influence the building up of our institution."

Bishop Anderson, resident bishop, made the concluding address. "The house in which our friend lived," he said, "has perished. It has fallen. But the angel form of Faith stands by our side to-night and assures us that the taint of death has not touched his spirit. How beautiful these flowers; but before the flower the seed has to die. Even so, our body is sown in dishonor, but only to be raised in honor; sown a natural body, but shall be raised a spiritual body. He has preceded us to the shining streets of the Eternal City, where his spirit will await the coming of those who to-night are bowed down with sorrow, when they too shall enter into the joys of their Lord.

"More homelike seems that vast unknown,
Since they have entered there.
They cannot be where God is not
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore."

The remains were borne to Cincinnati, and

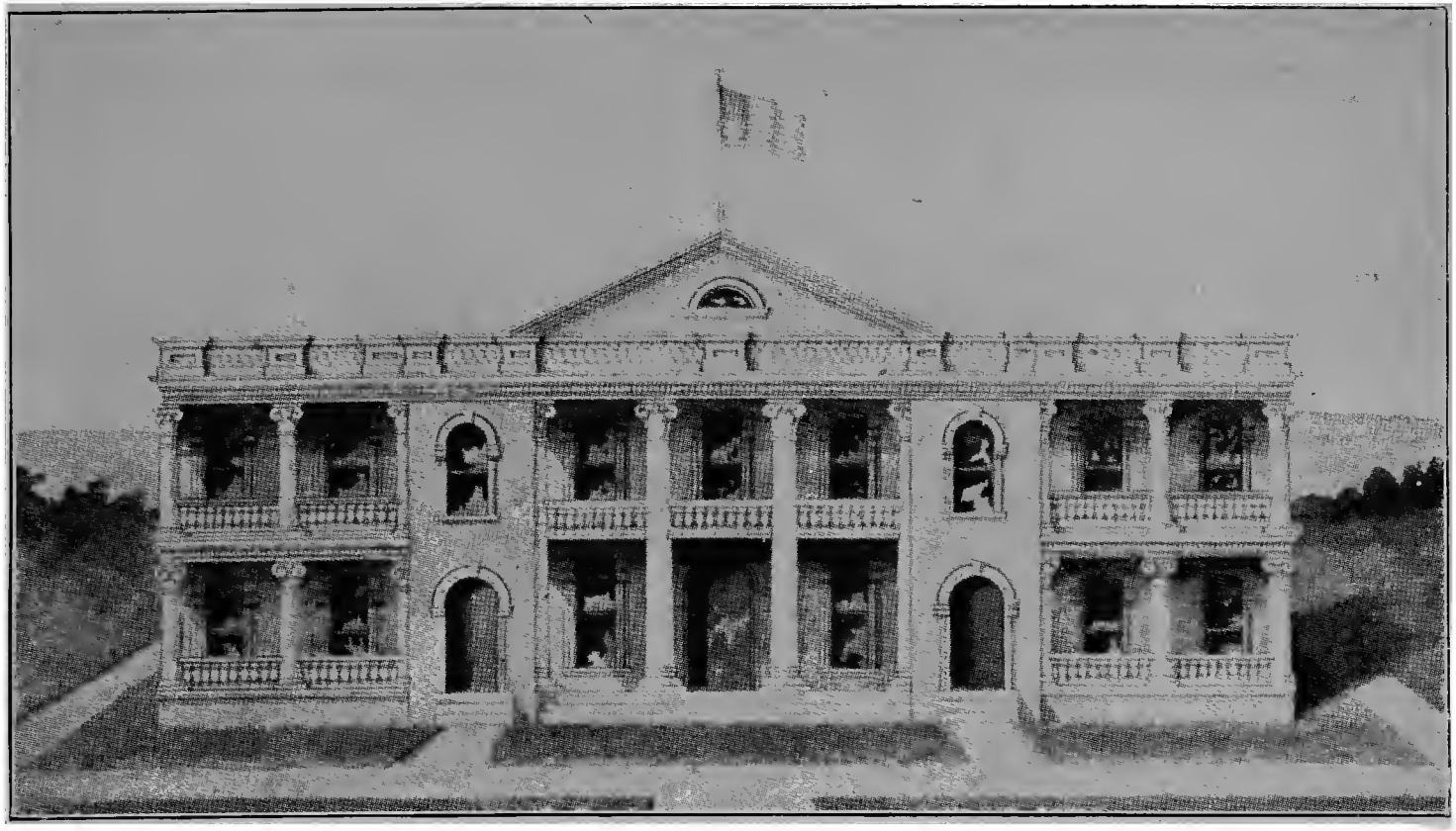
by loving hands laid beside those of Bessie, to await the resurrection morn.

The Bishop staggered under this blow; but rallied, and as though this had been a new chrism of consecration, sought rest in God through still more absorbing labors in his cause.

CHAPTER XIV

A GROUP OF CHARACTERISTICS

His tireless industry was the boon and not the bane of his life. Writing to his uncle from Quindaro in 1857, he referred to his "usual sixteen hours' work every day"; and in 1911, on the occasion of his golden wedding, he said to a reporter: "I am glad I am busy. Just so long as a man has duties to perform he remains a factor in the community." The reporter saw in him "an infinite capacity for work." Incessant industry was his lifelong characteristic. Bending over his pad and driving his stub pencil unintermittently, it is thus he is pictured in our memory; and thus handed down by his contemporaries. The Hon. Thomas H. Murray, of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, writes: "I have seen other men who were great workers, and many who had a great fondness for work; but Bishop Walden was the only man I ever saw who never quit work." Dr. Frank Mitchell, chaplain Ohio State Soldiers' Home, declares: "I have never known anyone so able and so willing to perform difficult tasks as he. His deeds were without number, and each seemed to endow him



WALDEN UNIVERSITY, WHETSTONE MEMORIAL BUILDING

with ability for others. His insatiable hunger for work continued until the end of life." To his close friend, Dr. Robert T. Miller, it seemed that, "unmindful of the admonishment of advancing age, tireless, unflagging, persistent, he wrought steadily to almost the hour of his going." The local and the church press, without exception, marked this dominant trait. Thus, one declares, "He has been for a generation at the very nerve center of every energy of the church in foreign as well as in domestic evangelism." Another: "One of the most striking characteristics of Bishop Walden was physical stamina. He seemed never to tire. His sinews and nerves were as if of steel. If ever the sobriquet of 'old Hickory' were applicable to any man, it might most appropriately be conferred on him." Bishop McDowell recalls that Bishop Andrews said, "His lust for work was a perpetual mystery to other men." Bishop Hughes pronounces him "A genius in labor, a genius in detail, a genius in religious figures," and declares that "he was aptly described by Carlyle's phrase, 'He toils terribly.'"

Equally strong is the testimony borne to the usefulness of his work. Says one of our Advocates, "For downright usefulness God has rarely given the church a man equal to John Morgan Walden." At the funeral Bishop Cranston paid this tribute: "The fullness and readiness of his information, together with his

eagerness to serve the cause in hand, sometimes invited the sallies of men who set wit before knowledge. I wonder how many of those who indulged their particular aptitude caught the full meaning of that quiet and sometimes smiling repartee, 'I thought you should know the facts in the case.' And then he would go right on being the encyclopedia, brought down to the minute."

And what added a fadeless charm was his genuine relish of it all. Says a daughter: "Father's pleasure was in hard work. He never seemed so happy as when simply overwhelmed with work for the church." McKendree was his earthly model; but neither McKendree, nor Asbury, nor even Wesley, surpassed him in unsparing labor. Thus on through life he went, ever intent on higher ground, recreating in increasing toil, realizing to the limit Sidney Smith's ideal, "Always occupied, and always occupied with the highest employment of which his nature was capable, and dying with the consciousness that he had done his best." He toiled as ceaselessly as a Sisyphus, but with the achievements of an Hercules.

The eloquent Howard Henderson said of him that "he ran a straight furrow by never looking backward." Certain it is that he could have said with Paul, "This *one* thing I do." From the day he was converted he eyed only

the prize that lieth at the end of the race. Nothing could divert him. He meant that the church should have his undivided service. Hence when some worldly investments were lost by the mismanagement of his agents, instead of grieving over it, he rather rejoiced because it left him unencumbered to run the race set before him. Even more marked was his conduct upon being elected publishing agent, in disposing of valuable holdings, lest they should divide his interest. In keeping with this was his fidelity in practicing scriptural proportionate giving. For full fifty years at least one seventh of his entire income was given to religious causes, including benevolences. He was scrupulously exact in squaring his accounts, never going in debt, and he joyously honored God with the first fruits of all his increase. Such, indeed, was "a life worth while." The more we study it the more its proportions grow.

From the day in his early boyhood, when he signed the Washingtonian Pledge, he never faltered nor wavered. By voice and pen, in pulpit and on the hustings, in conventions and Ecumenical Conference, his sentiments were clear, unmistakable, and unanswerable. He never lost sight of prohibition as the ultimate goal, and used whatever led thereto, never resting save when moving nearer and nearer the great objective. So, in one of his speeches, he accepts local option as a fighting basis, propos-

ing "to fight the battle on the line of local option, conquer township by township, municipality by municipality, county by county, until the banner of prohibition shall wave triumphantly in every neighborhood," every city, every county, everywhere. "The cities are the strongholds; a few counties are rallying places. We must take these by parallels; taxation is a parallel." The Centennial Temperance Volume — National Temperance Society, New York—contains no stronger article than his on "The Malt Liquor Question." His unanswerable conclusions are:

1. The most plausible plea for the manufacture and sale of malt liquors—that *their common use would promote temperance in America*—is not sustained either by the facts of experience or any line of argument that duly weighs and fairly considers all the conditions and principles involved in the settlement of the question.

2. That a moderate use of malt liquors, upon which alone their advocates claim them to be healthful and beneficial, is not attainable in America, where the thought and life of an active and energetic people are intensified by the character of their business enterprises, social influences, and political affiliations; and this susceptibility to the evil effects of even these mild intoxicants, which is the incident of an intense life, is to the praise of the American people, not to their shame.

3. That it being impossible to restrain the use of malt liquors within the limits of moderation, the use of them which prevails in saloons, halls, and gardens, amid the sensuous fascination of social customs foreign to the genius of American home life, involving the family as well as the individual, the young as well as the old, is a chief cause of the increase of drunkenness in our land.

4. That the rapidly augmenting power of the malt-liquor

interest is an occasion for alarm, especially in view of its dictation to political parties, its influence on legislation, its disregard for wholesome laws, its contempt for the opinions and sentiments, wise and pure, of the American fathers, its antagonism to habits and observances that are distinctly American; and that, if not checked by the constitutional exercise of wise laws, if the social customs upon which its growth depends are not rebuked and remanded by a better sentiment to the Old World, it will ruthlessly ruin what it has already seriously marred.

5. That in the malt-liquor interest are centered the subtlest and strongest forces opposed to the temperance reform, the most difficult to antagonize with success, if not the last to be overthrown; that *the contest turns upon the creation of public sentiment*, upon leavening the public mind with false or true views of the nature of these liquors, with false or true statements of their effects in other countries, with false or true theories of the scope of liberty and province of law in republican America; that the conflict is between an interest controlling vast wealth and a cause based on moral convictions—the one appealing to men's selfishness, the other to men's judgment; the one advocating delusive expedients, the other absolute right. The issue is the America of the new century—America under the tyranny of appetite, or America under the sovereignty of conscience.

What he esteemed one of the highest honors was his appointment as a delegate to the First Methodist Ecumenical Conference, held September, 1881, in City Road Chapel, London. Twenty-eight different Methodisms were represented: from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Africa, India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Polynesia, all sections of the United States, Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, South America, and the West In-

dies; without distinction of race or color. He was assigned to the Committee on Publication, was made chairman of the Western Section, and was one of the five who constituted the Editorial Committee. Thus credentialed, devoted as he was to the cause of temperance, how he must have appreciated the privilege of addressing the Methodist world, the fifth day of the Conference, on the theme "Civil Measures to Suppress Intemperance, and the Relation of the Church to such Movements." Confining himself to Great Britain and America, and assuming that just and practicable measures for the suppression of intemperance are right in themselves and necessary to the welfare of society, he proceeded to speak of the proper scope of such measures to relieve society of the evils of intemperance. "This relief can come only by removing the cause of intemperance, by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of every kind of intoxicating liquor, as a beverage; by closing and keeping closed by law every place for the sale of strong drink, whether distilled, vinous, or malt liquor. Hence the question of first importance is, Can prohibition be reached by just laws? Opinion divides on two points—the *rightfulness* and the *practicability* of such measures. In Great Britain the *rightfulness* of prohibition is challenged, from a profound respect for precedent. But shall sentiment perpetuate the liquor traffic? Surely not

when such sentiment is injurious to the public welfare. Already you have acts of Parliament adopted because the welfare of society requires the restraint and discouragement of the traffic. This distinctly recognizes the fact that the welfare of society is superior to the immunities of a class. The limitation and abrogation of special immunities when required by the public weal is not a novel thing to Englishmen and the student of English history. From the period of Magna Charta to the present, the reforms which make that history glorious have been based on the principle that the prerogatives of the few are subordinate to the well-being of the many. This removes the most serious objection to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, when public opinion shall ask for and be ready to maintain such prohibition.

"In the United States, where the power of the legislative bodies is determined by written constitutions, subject to change, the objection which most of all delays the adoption of prohibition is that it is not a *practicable* measure. Is prohibition practicable? If enacted, can it be enforced? Let facts answer. Nearly thirty years ago such a law was enacted in the State of Maine. It has been of incalculable benefit. No party dares openly antagonize it. Exposed to alien customs on the eastern and northern borders, and on her west to a State which tolerates the traffic, yet Maine maintains it because

demanded and sustained by public sentiment. Where that public sentiment does not exist all the measures of government for the suppression of intemperance should be so shaped as to tend constantly toward prohibition. The law should at least keep pace with the progress of temperance sentiment. And in the evolution of prohibition, Sunday closing, local option, and kindred enactments may have their place.

"*What, then, is the relation of the church to such movements?* That is, to those movements through which civil measures for the suppression of intemperance shall be secured, movements through which a favorable public sentiment shall be created, that public sentiment crystallized into laws, and those laws promptly and impartially enforced? These movements may put forward the distinct issue when legislators are to be chosen—may originate a new party when existing ones evade the issue; but whatever phase they may from time to time assume, to be effective they can only be the exponent of public sentiment. The true relation of the church to these movements is not of a neutral character—she is not a passive observer of them. Her chief purpose is to lead sinners to the Saviour, and help saints to lead a holy life; but one design of her organic existence is to aid in elevating and purifying society. This she can do by creating public sentiment to restrict, suppress, and destroy intemperance.

"Methodism has become a potential factor in society; and it is her duty to raise a standard in favor of prohibition, and employ all proper means, at all proper times, to create a public sentiment which shall demand increasingly stringent legislation, until prohibition be the law of every land. To do her part in creating this public sentiment Methodism must take and maintain an unequivocal position in regard to civil measures for the suppression of intemperance—declare in plain terms in favor of reaching, as soon as practicable, the prohibition of the sale, yea, and the manufacture, of all intoxicating liquors, except for mechanical and medical purposes. Let her agencies be employed in creating public sentiment in accord with Mr. Wesley's sentiments, and many in this conference will live to see the convictions of the people in many States, if not nations, wrought into laws even more effective than those which have redeemed Maine, Iowa, and Kansas.

"Her practice should be a constant and uniform protest against the use of all intoxicants, mild or strong. Her laymen should be as temperate as her ministers, their official action and votes always favorable to temperance. Her homes should be temperance sanctuaries.

"The sum of the whole matter is that Methodists can best affect public sentiment and hasten prohibition by being true to Methodist history. The oldest successful temperance society

in Great Britain was formed by John and Charles Wesley, in 1743. Its total abstinence pledge was to avoid 'drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity' This is in Methodism's General Rules; and, observed with scrupulous fidelity, would put her where the whole church ought to be, in the forefront of the movement, whose success will arrest more evil, alleviate more sorrow, gladden more homes, save more men from ruin, bless more wives, mothers, and children than any other reform ever projected by man."

Thus the boyish pledge, taken on Black Bottom, was reaffirmed in clarion tones on the Thames.

CHAPTER XV

A GROUP OF CHARACTERISTICS
(CONTINUED)

He was eminently a clubable man. He had a genius for friendship. He enjoyed the ludicrous. His wit scintillated. He was a romping, frolicking boy. He was resourceful and devoted to the interests of his employer. Characteristic of both was his successful effort when a "supe" to carry the entertainment over an embarrassing break in the scenery When patience was perilously near exhaustion, caring only for the continued popularity of the company, in grotesque costume he dashed on to the stage and danced a jig with such abandon and originality that, supposing it a part of the performance, the audience fairly screamed with delighted amusement and applauded him to the echo. Meantime the scenery having been repaired, the play went on; but no act, from beginning to end, was so popular as that of the rag-time dancer.

It was this same cheery spirit which prompted him to dare any of a group of his young lady friends who were going his way to a social

gathering, to mount behind him for a horseback scamper. The modest but spirited lassie, who later, according to his diary, declared her readiness to follow him anywhere, accepted the banter, and rode so gracefully and confidently as ever thereafter to make him lonesome without her.

He was a loyal disciple of "Izaak Walton." His favorite attire, when fishing in the Miami, was a slouch hat and a linen duster. It was light, cool, and convenient. He carried the bait in his pocket. On one occasion he excited my envy by getting a fine "bite," with which he skillfully toyed, the fish leading him in deeper and deeper, the water at last reaching his waist and washing all the bait from his pocket. When he lost his fish and reached for more "bait" and found it not, his fisherman anguish was something convulsive.

A favorite companion on fishing excursions was George F Sands, one of the best-known school principals in Cincinnati. They had many a social jaunt together, hunting black bass, muscalonge, and rainbow trout. On such trips one gets very close to his comrade; and therefore Mr. Sands pays a high compliment when he says that Bishop Walden was a splendid companion and in many respects a model fisherman: always hopeful and cheerful; never complaining, even when a royal black bass, almost landed inside the boat, jumped loose from his

hook; always doing more than his share in cooking the midday lunch under the trees on the lake shore.

"On one of our trips," writes Mr. Sands, "I engaged one of my old guides for the next day, to do all the rowing, so that the Bishop and I could spend our time fishing. He was very apt to swear when he would lose a fine bass or pike from his hook. It seemed that a few days before, two young men named Bishop had used the same guide. 'Now, Josh,' I said, 'you must be careful not to swear any to-morrow, because I am to have a bishop as my comrade all day.'

"Josh, who rarely, if ever, attended church, and knew nothing about elders or bishops, replied: 'O, Mr. Sands, don't be at all uneasy. Them Bishop fellers swear like the mischief; they beat me swearin'.'

" 'But, look here, Josh,' said I, 'this man is a preacher.'

" 'O, if he is a preacher I'll try not to swear all day I thought he was one of them Bishops!' "

"Once," continues Mr. Sands, "the Bishop and I went fishing on Saturday. He was to preach the following day, and was very uneasy because he knew the sun would blister and redden his face. My wife advised him to use French chalk, of which she gave him a cube. He wore a long loose white linen duster and a soft white felt hat. When he got into the little

boat he painted his entire face with the white chalk. White hat, white duster, and chalk-white face created a decided sensation among the lone fishermen we met during the day. But we caught some fine bass and wall-eyed pike, and the Bishop's face was all right on Sunday.

"Once we were fishing for four or five days, on Lake Douglas, near Mackinac Island, in Michigan. At night the amateur fishermen roomed in a rough board structure, with small apartments, just large enough for a bed. A curtain hung in front of each apartment, and a few small tables were scattered along the rude corridor. The Bishop was very weary the first evening, and we concluded to retire early. A crowd of college boys were sitting in the center of the large room, making the welkin ring with college songs. The Bishop stopped and chatted pleasantly with them, and then went and sat down at the little table in front of our curtain. He took from his pocket a small Bible and handed it to me, saying, 'George, read a chapter and we will have a short prayer before retiring.' I read, and we then knelt and he offered a brief prayer. It was all done in a quiet, unostentatious manner. The young men were impressed and ceased their noise, and, when the prayer was over, quietly stole off into the woods, where we heard them singing lustily the songs they loved so well. This incident proved to me the noble Christian character of Bishop Walden."

The Bishop was well versed in the traditions of the Mound Builders and was a good guide to the prehistoric and Indian remains which abound along the Miamis. Days never to be forgotten are those spent with him in antiquarian research.

His patriotic fervor never ebbed. These excerpts from a Decoration Day Address delivered a generation after the Civil War, and which is well and gratefully remembered in Lexington, Kentucky, show his devotion to the Union and his charity toward those who mistakenly sought its overthrow.

"You were moved to assemble here to-day that you may share in the general commemoration of the devotion and sacrifice by which the Union soldiers thwarted the determined effort to divide our country and secured the perpetuation of the government established by the heroes of the American Revolution—declared to be 'the government of the people, by the people, for the people.'

"The address with which you have been favored has quickened in your minds and hearts grateful and patriotic thoughts and feelings such as move audiences gathered in countless and widely separated cemeteries from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Were the speakers of to-day brought together in one place they would form a great company.

"The object of each speaker has been to say

that which would lead the hearers to a proper appreciation of the services rendered by the Union soldiers to their country—to their contemporaries and to posterity.

"How different the audiences of this day from those present at the first memorial services a generation ago. Then the veterans were present in large numbers—and members of the Home who had borne sacrifices and tasted bitter experiences were there with them. The references of speakers to these sacrifices were understood by the large number who shared in them. Not so now; of the thousands who meet to-day but few have any real conception of what was endured and suffered during the long and fearful struggle. I wonder if we cannot better measure our debt of obligation to the heroes and heroines of the sixties by our gains which are obvious to us, than by their sufferings and losses, of which our conception is necessarily so faulty and limited.

"I add this: that different as were the principles, the motives of the rank and file of both armies did not differ widely—each party thought they were right. History will determine the matter.

"Measure the character of the conflict, our debt to the Union army, by what their achievements have made possible.

"But for the victory they gained there would have been two nations where there now is one.

We cannot know where the dividing line would have been, but that line would have separated two nations whose institutions and conditions would have become more and more diverse year by year. The hostile feelings engendered by war would have continued with little or nothing to alleviate them, but constant occurrences to aggravate them. Mark the century-old antipathy between England and France. The Franco-Prussian War closed six years after the surrender of Lee, but France and Germany have both been conscious of how easily another war might have been provoked.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the unfortunate Reconstruction period after our war caused more misunderstanding and bad feeling than the years of conflict—the era of good feeling and trustful intercourse has been reached, such as never could have come had the Union cause suffered defeat."

Bishop Walden's fortitude in danger and patience in suffering were shown in a severe accident which befell him and Mrs. Walden in September, 1904. The Bishop owned a cottage on Epworth Heights, a Methodist campground and resort, on the Little Miami, twenty-two miles east of Cincinnati. It was his summer home, which fact added greatly to the attractiveness of the resort. The season had passed and their baggage had been shipped to their city quarters. A surrey was ordered to take

them down the steep hill to the morning train. When almost at the depot, the horse became suddenly wildly frightened and dashed madly away, the driver losing control. The surrey was given a great lurch and capsized, hurling out both the Bishop and Mrs. Walden. He was badly jarred and bruised, and she sustained a gash over her left eye and a double fracture of her right wrist. Their age made their injuries still more serious. They were borne to Christ's Hospital, on Mount Auburn, where everything that skill and affection could do was devoted to their recovery. Beautiful flowers, kind messages, and assurance that hosts of earnest Christians were praying for them, added to the appliances of what the Bishop called "the peerless hospital," cheered him to convalescence after three weeks, and Mrs. Walden after nine weeks of suffering.

He could see the merciful feature of the experience; for, in more than fifty years of travel in all parts of the world, this was the only accident they had experienced; and through this the Lord had borne them back to strength and health.

CHAPTER XVI

FURTHER CHARACTERISTICS: OF PEN AND SPEECH

WHEN but five years in the Conference he drafted for the Preachers' Meeting a report on "The Attendance of Children on the Public Worship of God," which was published as a tract and widely distributed by the Book Concern. In 1863, as in 1915, the small proportion of children in attendance upon church services caused great concern. His paper recognizes the inestimable benefits derived from the Sunday school, but earnestly urges the claims of public worship. "Objections to taking the children to church, as usually urged, are that more than attendance upon Sunday school is not needed; that what the children need is not churchgoing but careful instruction and strict discipline at home; that it is too fatiguing and unhealthy for children to attend both the Sunday school and public worship; that an enforced attendance would prejudice them against religion.

"But there are elements in the moral nature of the children which can be reached only by the deeply devotional exercises of the sanctuary.

They may even be led to delight in the exercises of the Sunday school, and have but little reverence for God's house, his day, his Word, his cause. Wholesome as are home training and discipline, nevertheless it is true that the children of most faithful and pious parents are seldom, if ever, converted before they are taken to the sanctuary, where worship assumes its most impressive forms, and the gospel is preached in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

"Experience demonstrates that spending a part of the Sabbath day in the sanctuary in no wise militates against the children's health.

"We do not keep our children out of the public schools because they dislike books and the schoolroom, lest they should contract a prejudice against education. A distaste for public worship seldom accompanies the habit of churchgoing; and when it does, a proper and faithful effort on the part of the parent will, under the blessing of God, overcome it.

"But the true cause of neglect is that many parents are not fully impressed with their moral obligation to their children. Many professed Christians seem almost oblivious to the claims of their children upon them for moral and religious influences. How many of all those who neglect or refuse to take their children regularly to church have by a prayerful and deliberate examination of the matter come conscien-

tiously to the conclusion that they are under no obligation to do so, or that no benefit would thereby accrue to their children?

"The Bible teaches the duty and benefit of this custom. In the Mosaic dispensation provision was made for the instruction of the children in the sanctuary. Their attendance was required. Our Saviour when but twelve years old was at Jerusalem, with his parents, for this purpose. There were no greater reasons for this insistence then than now; they are founded in our spiritual natures, and remain the same in every age. There is a hallowed influence in true worship; the correct teachings, the pure sacrament, the praise, and the prayer of the sanctuary are effective means of grace upon which the unction of the quickening Spirit rests, and through which the power of the Most High is exerted.

"Among the advantages which inure to those children whose parents are faithful in this matter the following will commend themselves to the prayerful consideration of every thoughtful Christian: the habit of churchgoing may be formed; a respect for the Sabbath day and a reverence for the place of worship may be inspired; memories possessing a hallowed influence will be treasured up; true piety will be associated in the mind of the child with acts of devotion; and the conversion of the children may be expected.

"True, all a parent can do by bringing his children under sanctuary influences may fail to secure their early conversion. Even after having done all that he can in every way, he may see his loved ones wander into the paths of sin; but if he has been faithful to gather round them every holy influence possible; if he has done his whole duty, his sorrow will not be deepened by self-condemnation, and he can, with that assurance of faith which conscious fidelity helps to inspire, rest on the promises of God, and hope for their return and salvation.

"Supremely important is the question, How are the advantages of churchgoing most likely to be secured to the children? The more obvious conditions of such benefits will be readily perceived by the thoughtful and prayerful parent: only the less obvious need be specified.

"1. Religious parents should, unless providentially prevented, go with their children to church, and have them occupy a seat with them.

"2. The attendance of both parents and children should be regular.

"3. The attendance should be punctual.

"4. The house of God should be made attractive.

"5. The devotional parts of the service should be spiritual and animated.

"6. Sermons should be full of the gospel of Christ.

"Now, of the things of which we have spoken,

this is the sum: The Scriptures teach that children should attend the public worship of God; and reason and experience both attest that, by the habits thus formed and the sentiments thus inspired, they receive benefits which cannot be so readily and effectually derived from other means, however faithfully and efficiently employed.

"It is one of the highest duties of Christian parents to be punctual and regular in taking their children to church with them, and to interest them, so far as may be, in the services.

"The officers and teachers of Sunday schools, in order to insure the noblest results from their labors with the children providentially brought under their instruction, must use all their influence to induce them to attend regularly the services of the sanctuary.

"All Christians, whether ministers or laymen, whether parents or not, should ponder well the relation of the children to the church and the duty of the church to the children. We must learn to look hopefully to the children, and especially to those in the Sunday school and in Christian families; and, realizing that mainly from these are the soldiers of the cross to be recruited, and that upon these, under God, must depend the prosperity and triumphs of the church, we should cheerfully and zealously labor to attract them to the house of God, gather them into the congregation, and bring

them under the benign influences of those solemn services, so necessary to qualify them for and sustain them in a mission of usefulness in this world, and to make them meet for a blissful inheritance and destiny in the world to come."

The foregoing synopsis gives a clear idea of the earnest and helpful paper, illuminates the evangelistic character of the young author, and reflects his lifelong attitude toward the question involved.

It is a matter of regret that the Bishop's lecture on "China as a World Power, when Christianized" was never written in full. He delivered it frequently, and never without producing a profound impression. Secretary Leonard of the Missionary Society esteemed it so highly that, on his motion, the Cincinnati Conference adopted the following:

WHEREAS, The Chinese empire has in recent years become prominent among the nations of the world; and,

WHEREAS, We have heard with pleasure and profit the address of Bishop Walden on "China as a World Power," and believing that its frequent repetition in our churches will be of especial interest to our people and the general public; therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend our pastors to secure the delivery of this address wherever it may be practicable.

A copy of the above, filed with the Bishop's notes on the subject, indicates his purpose to extend them and complete the lecture. He was too busy doing new things to spend time in rewriting and polishing his literary remains.

Fortunately, however, we are able to give two extracts which will convey an idea of its style and power.

"In reporting to our bishops in their Conference, as is our custom," he says, "I gave this summary statement: *The Chinese are the brainiest people of Asia, and they are the best heathen in the world.* That was within two years after the close of the Chinese-Japanese War. I was not surprised at the incredulous expression on the faces of my colleagues. But since that report Bishop Joyce spent two years in China, Bishop Cranston two years, Bishop Moore four years, Bishop Bashford more than four years, and each and all of these bishops have confirmed my estimate—that the Chinese are the brainiest people of Asia and the best heathen in the world.

"The foundation of my expectation of the relatively speedy Christianization of China is this character of her people. Think a moment of the nations which are classed as Christian. Is not Germany more Christian than its southern neighbors? Are not the Scandinavians more Christian than the Slavs? Are not the Anglo-Saxons of England and America the most Christian nations of our day and age? Why are these things so? Whatever else may enter into the problem, the sum of the answer is that these different degrees of Christian progress depend upon the intrinsic nature of these peoples. The

qualities of the Chinese I have named will prove as fertile soil for the gospel of Christ. It would be interesting to study the brain power of the Chinese, but you are familiar with its evidences among this people whose only aristocracy is an aristocracy of the intellect.

"As to the Chinese being the best heathen, I pass by current comparisons favorable to them which might be made, and cite one unprecedented fact. The careers of nations illustrate that profligacy, corruption, vice have caused inevitably the downfall of nations. An indescribable feeling almost oppressed me as I found myself moving among a people who have a history unbroken for more than thirty centuries. When those hieroglyphics were being wrought on Cleopatra's Needle—think of it when next you gaze upon it in Central Park, New York—when they were being wrought near the banks of the Nile, the Chinese were developing their nationality. Could their nation have endured three times as long as any contemporary nation had they been vicious, corrupt, profligate as those nations? Must we not believe that there is that in the heredity of natural virtues which enters into the relative moral status of the Chinese to-day, a heathen morality? Like all other heathens, they are difficult to interest in the gospel. But after my study of the Japanese, the Chinese, and some of the diverse peoples of India, I returned to America with the settled

belief that the Chinese would prove to be by far the most easily interested in the gospel.

"Next to the intellectual and moral qualities which are basal facts, is their interest in and reverence for Confucius and his teachings. Those teachings have had and still have a potential relation to the moral status of the Chinese. Were I working for the spiritual betterment of a Roman Catholic, I would not accuse him of idolatry in praying to Mary. I would find a point of contact in our common faith in the Son of Mary, and knowing the common yearnings of the human soul I would in due time endeavor to show him that I had a satisfactory experience. Before I left China I was able to talk with our missionaries about the moral precepts of Confucius, that, however crude they may be, are based on the eternal principles that underlie the second table of the Divine Law. I said then that here was a point of contact which may be effectively worked by the Christian missionary. God's Spirit can give here a great vantage ground.

"The work in China carries into this new century the all-potential witness of the native Chinese martyrs of the Boxer Rebellion. Martyr fires set England aflame. The flame spreads in China. It will be only the marvelous results of Christ's gospel and God's providence if, before the close of this second missionary century, China takes her place among the

Christian nations. As such a nation, *what will she be as a world power?* We cannot anticipate what the constellation of world powers will be when America celebrates her second centennial. We may expect there will be five or six such powers in Europe, including England. There will be Japan, China; and, if England can continue her wise, beneficial policy, consolidated India will hold such a place. And there will be our own United States in the New World. If this be speculation, it serves the purpose of our study.

"One of the first lessons learned in reading history is that each nation, ancient or modern, has some special mission, evidently planned by the Divine Ruler of all peoples and nations. Each has contributed something of permanent value to the world. As the world has been benefited by the art of Greece and the law of Rome, so other nations have enlarged the world's heritage, none more than Egypt. She was centuries in preparing for the elementary training of the people and in becoming the teacher of the world's greatest lawgiver. Moses was trained in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, not of a particular school, but of the nation. Egyptian civilization is felt throughout the world to-day, not by her marvelous art, but through Moses, the student whom God prepared her to train. The imperishable in Egyptian civilization is felt through Moses. So China, with her vast popu-

lation, her vast natural resources, her unique history, all that has made her people the brainiest of Asia and kept them the best among heathens, has and will continue to have her mission."

His last words to the General Conference were spoken in Minneapolis, May 27, 1912, when conducting the morning devotions. They are so characteristic and so inspiring that their reproduction will be a benediction to the prayerful reader:

"My message this morning relates to where we are, what we are, what we may be. I read these words: 'But as it is written, things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him. But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit.' One of Paul's visions of the kingdom of heaven! That kingdom that the forerunners spoke of! That kingdom that Jesus spoke of so often, and illustrated in so many ways! That kingdom for the coming of which he taught us to pray, and for its consummation! Paul speaks of the invisible kingdom, because the visible is obvious. He was writing to those of that day, and to us who know what the visible kingdom is. He was speaking of its invisible forces and powers—that kingdom of which Christ is the dominating personality; that kingdom of which the atonement is the great central fact; that

kingdom of which the Holy Spirit is the vitalizing power. It was this kingdom that he was speaking of, the kingdom that is embodied in the visible church. He combines these in his thought, as we may have this correlation of the visible and the invisible. For that is the characteristic of the kingdom of heaven. And it is not confined to this. This world with which we are so familiar is a dual world, has its visible and invisible things. We see the forms of matter about us, but we also know that there are invisible forces at work—life, in all its transforming and wonderful influence upon this world, a force which is utilized in our day in so many ways. But there is also another force here in this visible world, and that is the force of man, the intellect, the emotions, the will, which we do not see, and the body which is the instrument of the soul.

"And so the church is called the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which he is the Head. These invisible forces the eye hath not seen and the ear hath not heard, it hath not entered into the heart of man to think of them, and they stand in the same relation to the church, the visible embodiment of the Kingdom, that these forces of the material world are related to the world about us. Without God what would this material world be? There are two great monuments in Washington: one is that of Washington that commemorates and brings before us

the thought of patriotism; and that other monument brings before us the inventive power of man; it is the patent office, where models of machinery show what thought has done. And as consecrated intelligent patriotism has given us our institutions, so intellect and inventive genius of man have given us machinery, all these effective forms that have transformed this country from the wilderness into a garden. But for machinery we would still be wearing homespun and living in our cabins. So, in the kingdom of heaven the church is the visible embodiment of mighty forces, the Spirit of the living God. But that is not all, it is also the embodiment of the spiritual power of man. The church is not a mere visible organization, it is not a thing of to-day; it comes to us from the far-off past; it began in the first family. The church has been conserving the force of every good man and every good woman who lived in the past, and brings that widening tide of spiritual power down to the present. That is what the Church of God is, of which we are a part; that is the mighty kingdom in which we are, and which shows us what we may be as we are related to this kingdom.

"I want simply to impress upon our minds and hearts, if I can in these few moments, the mightiness of the church, of which Christ is the personality, of which the atonement is the great dominating fact, of which the Holy Spirit is the

vitalizing energy, and of which converted souls are a part of its mighty forces; that is the kingdom, organized as you see it, that Christ has sent forth to conquer this earth. But this kingdom stands related to us as individuals; it stands related to us as local churches; it stands related to us in our great Methodism; it stands related to all true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the embodiment of mighty spiritual forces, dominating forces. Do you realize that the kingdom of heaven in this earth is the greatest factor which is present in this world? And we are in it.

"That is what is meant when the apostle says, 'Present your bodies.' The body was also to be subordinated. I wish this whole General Conference could have heard an illustration that I heard last Sunday week given by Brother Carpenter, as he told us how, in twenty-five years, the largest Sunday school of this continent, and of the world, has been built up, not merely by using the helps which we have—although those helps are used there—but by making Christ the great dominant center of that school. O brethren, let us realize that we are in the midst and a part of this mighty conquering kingdom, and the thing by which it is to be realized is faith. Faith is the active, dominant principle. The atonement is there; but until that mourning sinner's faith takes hold upon Christ, the great provisions are unfulfilled. It is by faith that we

are to conquer. O that God may give us that faith, that we may be sweetened, blessed, and illuminated by his love, so that from this General Conference we will go out to stimulate, inspire, and embolden the church wherever we come in touch with it.

"Let us have a word of prayer.

"O blessed God, we do thank thee for this message this morning. We do thank thee that the church of the living God is the most remendous fact in the world. We do thank thee that in the heart of that church is the blessed loving Christ. We do praise thee that the power of his salvation is not only not diminishing, but growing more and more mighty and conquering. O blessed God, in this moment of prayer, before we enter upon the duties of the day more fully, let this thought be in all our hearts, that Christ is a living force throughout the whole world. And better than that, he is the living power of our spiritual lives; he is to every one of us—if we will but welcome him in heart, thought, and life—salvation and victory. O blessed God, let thy Spirit be especially with us to-day during this session, and during the closing hours of this great Conference. May the hush of God Almighty's presence and power be in our hearts. May this Conference close with many manifestations of thy direction, and may its blessing go out during the coming years throughout our great church in all lands, and beyond our church,

in the midst of multitudes of other people. We ask it all in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.''

Three groups of characteristics, yet how incomplete! It is impossible to give a satisfactory representation of this protean character. With a disposition at once genial and thoughtful, now he is merriest of the merry, and anon feels the shadow of his birthday eclipse. Tender as a child, yet is he the unyielding champion of reform. Alike sensitive to commendation and to censure, he disregards both at the behest of duty. Fond of recreation, he is fonder of work. Though shrinking at the thought of suffering, when suffering comes, he endures it unflinchingly. He covets influence, but only to wield it for the good of mankind. Fervent in piety, yet he never repels by the assumption of sanctity or the austerity of righteousness. He handles questions of polity, both civil and ecclesiastical, with the wisdom and strength of a statesman. Comprehending the priceless germ of childhood, he devotes his best endeavors with tireless assiduity to its development and conservation. Radical as a churchman, yet is he quick to perceive, prescribe, and welcome wise readjustments to changing conditions. American to the core, he strives for the good of all nations, ''In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.'' Surveying the resources and development of China, he records his prophecy in

language well-nigh inspired. To a puissant pen he adds the speech of a sage and the wisdom of a philosopher. Such being his multiple greatness, well may we despair adequately to catalogue his characteristics. He is a radiant gem in the coronet of Methodism.

CHAPTER XVII

QUESTIONS OF POLITY

QUESTIONS of polity ever engaged his study and commanded his pen. In 1896, closing two able and exhaustive articles on the presiding eldership—the positions in which are only strengthened by the more recent legislation as indicated by the change of name to district superintendency—he says: "In the foregoing are found the reasons for the fact that while the supervisory duties of presiding elders have been increased from time to time, no effort has been made to limit, modify, or change the essential functions of the office. The sum of the matter is this: That so long as the local work of our church needs to be held in proper relations to her general work; so long as her pastoral charges, whose first care is to provide for and conserve local interests, and her connectional societies, which provide for and conserve remoter interests, must work in harmony and be mutually helpful; so long as her evangelistic spirit should dominate all her movements; so long as she gathers recruits from all classes to be trained into the best type of Methodist Chris-

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tians; so long as confidence in the work of her bishops in fixing the appointments of the preachers depends largely upon their having the counsel of those in position to furnish impartial, intelligent, trustworthy information and advice, so long will the presiding eldership be essential to our polity, and so long will presiding elders be an 'order of men' necessary to the successful administration of our church."

When it became necessary to embody in a more definite and compact form the Constitution of the Church, embracing the Articles of Religion, the General Rules, and the Articles of Organization and Government, as now published in the Book of Discipline, Bishop Walden was alert and active to impress upon the church that, though its form was different, the Constitution was unchanged. "There is nothing novel in the instrument," he says, "and little that is new, for about all that is essential to a constitution had been wrought into the Discipline. If there be new matter, it is the provision for calling a session of the General Conference 'in case of a great emergency.' The chief departure from the existing order is in the provisions for amending the alterable parts of the Constitution, and, although more liberal, it will sufficiently buttress every article, yet make any needed change attainable. Inasmuch as the General Conference, anomalously, has the power to interpret the Constitution, and so to pass

upon the constitutionality of its own action, it is a matter of high importance as well as profound interest that the clearness and definiteness of the proposed Constitution make the intent of every part about as certain as human language can. It embodies the wisdom of the connection tested by the experience of three generations."

He hailed with gladness the action of the Committee on Federation, to which he largely contributed, recommending "the taking of prompt steps for the preparation of a common Catechism, a common Hymn Book, and a common Order of Public Worship, and that other branches of Methodism be invited to cooperate." When the General Conferences of the Church South and of our own church acted favorably upon the recommendation, and thus made it binding upon both churches, he felt that it was the harbinger of a new day, of an era of reunion and power to Methodism. He never used the Union Order of Worship without spiritually discerning the participation therein of all the Methodist hosts, and hearing them reciting together the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Nor shall his efforts, prayers, and faith be in vain.

When it was proposed to amend the third Restrictive Rule so as to elect bishops for races and languages, he was outspoken in opposition, believing it would inevitably restrict the general superintendency and beget conflict and disunion.

"We now have," he wrote to a friend, " 'general superintendents,' each of whom is a bishop with all episcopal functions wherever he may be, in this country or in other countries. We have 'missionary bishops,' who can exercise all the functions of a bishop within the country to which their jurisdiction is limited. Should the proposed amendment be adopted, then we will have two classes of bishops; one in which the episcopal functions are limited to races, and the other in which they would be limited to languages; and as 'missionary bishop' designates the limit by territory, I suppose 'Negro bishop' or other racial term might indicate the limit by race, and 'German bishop,' or some other language, the limit by language. Would not this be a medley?"

Basing his conclusions on his observations in the foreign field, he was opposed to the missionary episcopacy. Upon his return he wrote a strong article for The Christian Advocate, favoring making missionary bishops general superintendents, and substituting for the present arrangement the establishment of regular episcopal residences in Africa, India, Europe, Eastern Asia, and South America. His ideas prevailed so far as Europe, Eastern Asia, and South America are concerned, and are destined to become the policy of the church.

He was in favor of lay representation in the General Conference. When it was secured in

1872, and before it was made equal, he devised plans by which that equality might be realized practically, not only by separate vote but by separate sittings. He opposed two houses; and while wanting all fundamental changes to be secured by constitutional methods, strove earnestly for equal representation.

Lay delegation having been granted, and the majority of the laity being women, it was inevitable that their eligibility as delegates would be claimed. At the General Conference held in New York in 1888 the credentials of five women delegates were presented, namely, Mrs. Angeline F Newman, of Nebraska; Mrs. Amanda C. Rippey, of Kansas; Mrs. Mary C. Nind, of Minnesota; Mrs. Lizzie Van Kirk, of Pittsburgh; and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Rock River. Protests, on Constitutional grounds, against their admission had been filed. The Board of Bishops, the only authority until the General Conference was organized, ruled that the names of all contested delegates should be omitted in the preliminary roll call without prejudice. After organization, on motion of Dr. John W Hamilton (now bishop), and Dr. J. M. Buckley, a special committee was appointed to examine and report on the case of the women delegates. The committee reported adversely on constitutional grounds. Bishop Walden's attitude to the question is fully stated in his communication printed in

the New York Tribune of May 2, 1888. In brief it was friendly, but restrained by the Constitution: "The Constitution must be amended before women can be admitted. Lay delegates must be members of the Quarterly Conferences; no woman was a qualified member of the Quarterly Conference; hence no woman was eligible. The logical conclusion"—thus he closes—"from these facts and principles is that 'in all matters connected with the election of lay delegates' women have no legal standing in either the Quarterly or Electoral Conferences and are not eligible to seats in the General Conference. . . . Had women been disciplinary members of the Quarterly Conference in 1868, when the plan of lay delegation was agreed upon by the General Conference, their eligibility to seats in the Electoral and General Conferences would be beyond question. . No rule, resolution, or other legislative or judicial act of the General Conference, can legalize the presence of women in that body, unless their right to the place exists in the Constitution."

Then followed the twelve years' campaign. In 1900 the General Conference adopted the amendment making women eligible to membership. During the ensuing quadrennium the Conferences ratified the amendment by a vote of eighty-five hundred and fifty-two to twenty-five hundred and twenty-nine. At the session of 1904 the following duly certified women dele-

gates were seated: Mrs. Ida T. Arms, Western South America; Mrs. C. Bliss, Detroit; Mrs. Alberta Crow, Saint Louis; Mrs. Mary A. Danforth, New Hampshire; Mrs. Gertrude Durrell, New England; Alice M. Hayman, Indiana; Emelina A. Hypes, Southern Illinois; Elizabeth S. Martin, Des Moines; Mrs. Lulu M. Mayne, California; Mattie Y. McMahin, Illinois; Lucy R. Meyer, Rock River; Emma L. Neeld, North India; Florence D. Richards, Central Ohio; Minerva E. Roberts, Nebraska; Florence L. Snow, South Kansas; Agnes Snyder, Ohio; Annie T. Strickland, Little Rock; Viola A. Troutman, Kansas; Lottie E. Valentine, Michigan; Mary B. Webb, Vermont; Mary S. Wilkinson, Northern New York; Ada M. Wilson, North Indiana; Lois S. Parker, North India; Juana Palacios, Mexico. And the following reserve delegates were admitted to seats during the session: Clara B. Beggs, Jessie H. Hardaway, West Nebraska. None extended to them sincerer or more consistent welcome than did Bishop Walden.

This conservatism was his lifelong characteristic. Yet he was as radical as his loyalty to his most carefully framed judgment of the Constitution in the case would admit. A careful examination of his papers convinces me that he had formulated at different times tentative programs covering the most advanced legislation enacted since his retirement. He advocated

the consolidation of our benevolences. He was a pioneer in giving to the District Conference greater vitality and influence. He earnestly favored the extension of the lay franchise to all full members, and the corresponding right of election to the General Conference. He was among the first to advocate the establishing of episcopal residences in foreign fields. He believed that it would be good for all the interests of Methodism if we could have the district steward a member of the Annual Conference; and the suggestion of lay membership therein did not chill his blood. Long before the campaign of instruction, so ably and successfully conducted by Dr. J. B. Hingeley, was thought of, away back in the late fifties, young Walden was led to study the problem of ministerial support, especially as related to the superannuates and other claimants. He called the attention of his officiary to the fact that the support of Conference claimants was not a charity but an obligation. His first speech before an Annual Conference was on this subject. When publishing agent he urged resuming annual dividends to the Conferences and in his visitations to the Conferences during his agency, and later during his episcopal administration; in fact, to the last year of his life he championed the cause of the Conference claimants. And in all great economic and moral issues—apart from the church—he was a trusted leader. His pains-

taking habit of thoroughly investigating every subject with which he was related inspired all classes with confidence. His gray locks were the white plume of our Henry of Navarre.

It was in 1874 that the Woman's Temperance Crusade stirred Ohio and, truthfully it may be said, the world. For years the demoralization following the Civil War defied every attempt to swell the rising tide of intemperance. The liquor power gripped the situation, and by no legal action could its hold be released. Godly women, many of whom had suffered bitterly, and all of whom were in travail of soul over the ruin of young manhood and young womanhood, moved by a common impulse, cast their burden on the Lord, with an intensity of supplication seldom equaled and never surpassed. Simultaneously the work broke out in Piqua and Washington Court House, and Greenfield and Hillsboro. Meeting in their churches until they were endued with power, the women would sally forth in praying bands to visit the saloons, plead with the saloon keepers, and for a time supplant the vileness and ribaldry of the barrooms with gospel song and loving, earnest prayer. God crowned their efforts with amazing success.

These converging lines of influence kindled an unparalleled flame in Cincinnati, unparalleled only because of the overwhelming power of the liquor element, reenforced by the mob of river

roughs and city desperadoes. Sometimes by twos and sometimes by scores the crusaders would march peaceably, in step with their sacred songs, to the liquor establishments, both wholesale and retail, distribute their literature and sing and pray on the edge of the street, so as not to obstruct traffic. The dailies headlined the success of the movement in other cities, and now that it had reached Cincinnati, excitement was unbounded. The Union Preachers' Meeting indorsed it, and devised ways to cooperate, all of which enraged the manufacturers, dealers, and users of distilled and malt liquors. In every instance the crusaders were made the center of a great crowd of howling roughs. The wild beasts at Ephesus scarcely could have been fiercer. The police afforded no protection and sometimes laid violent hands upon them. A committee from the Preachers' Meeting appealed to the city authorities; but were told that the women were breaking a city ordinance, and that, if they repeated the offense, they would be arrested. Obeying what they thought a higher law, the crusaders went out on a Saturday, forty-three of them, and were haled to prison. There they sang and prayed in the gloomy corridors of the station house until called to order, when they were released on parole to appear the next Wednesday. As may be imagined, the pulpits thundered on the morrow; and in the afternoon a great indignation

mass meeting was held in our Saint Paul's Church, over which Dr. Walden presided, and in which he and Dr. Charles H. Fowler, Dr. Adna B. Leonard, Dr. Charles H. Payne, pastor of the church—whose wife was one of the prisoners—and others gave full expression to the indignation of the packed and wildly excited audience. It was estimated that forty thousand citizens—the temperance people on one side and the pro-liquor people on the other—crowded the street down which the prisoners marched to their trial. They were dismissed with a gentle admonition; and, thus forced to a different line of activities, with the aroused and consecrated women of the State and country, they organized The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose influence has been and is to this day one of the foremost world powers for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of strong drink. This movement struck the noblest chord in Dr. Walden's soul, and set his boyhood Washingtonian Pledge quivering anew with an intensity like that of his own Quindaro crusade. His able and constant advocacy of the cause of both the crusaders and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, intrenched him still more firmly in the confidence and esteem not only of the good people of the Queen City, but of the whole church.

His relation to the various movements for fraternity, in its different stages and progress

toward removing all barriers between the Methodisms of America, was too intimate and long-continued to be passed without this more extended consideration. Some authorities affirm that the separation of the slave-holding from the non-slave-holding Annual Conferences in 1844 was the beginning of the Civil War. Doubtless it was contributory thereto. But so far as the church was concerned, it was a case of agreeing to disagree. It was an amicable plan to avoid ever-recurring trouble. In the bitter feeling which subsequently characterized both parties North of Mason and Dixon's line the action of the thirteen Southern Annual Conferences was stigmatized as secession. But it was nothing of the kind. The separation was planned and authorized by an overwhelming majority of the General Conference. We at the North insisted that ours was the mother church, and entitled to all priority of consideration. The South claimed that both churches had a common origin and a common right to all the history of the denomination anterior to the division: that neither to the exclusion of the other could rightfully style itself the mother church; that after 1844 the mother church either ceased to be, or lived equally in the Methodist Episcopal Church and in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. To one now reading impartially the history of those events, it seems passing strange that it required pro-

longed litigation for the Church South to secure an equitable division of the Book Concern which had been stipulated in the plan of separation. Yes, and coming down to Civil War times, we can readily see that if instead of pushing into the South on the heels of our army, sending our preachers to organize our societies and occupy their meetinghouses, we had recognized their sad and helpless condition and with Christian chivalry had helped to rehabilitate their churches and reequip them for service under the altered conditions, long ere this the two bodies had reunited and to-day would be winning mighty victories for the Lord. Perhaps it was inevitable that we should push in to help the freedmen, that we should attract the allegiance of those who had been loyal in heart to the national government, and that we should feel that with the tides of immigration from the North we must send the church in which immigrants had been reared. Once established, withdrawal was humanly impossible. And possibly our presence and activity reacted favorably upon the South, by stimulating more aggressive work and securing a speedier and fuller recovery. Certainly, we trust such was the case. But as the distance lengthens between these golden years of peace and those crimson skies of war, we are increasingly disposed to ask ourselves, How would we have felt had the situation been reversed? Brotherly kindness

and charity now help us to see ourselves as others see us. With this better mutual understanding have come Cape May Commission, Commission on Federation, Federal Council, and an unnumbered host, North and South, whose united prayer is that we all may be one, that the world may believe that God hath sent us.

It were strange had Bishop Walden always felt thus. His experiences in "Bleeding Kansas" and as a pioneer worker among the freedmen naturally keyed him to a high tension; and some of his addresses in Texas and elsewhere were anything but welcome to Southern ears. But in telegraphy of the Spirit sincerity is a live receiver. Conditions changed, and he changed with them, until in the closing years of his life, active in all the Commissions on Federation, his soul flamed out for unity of spirit in the bonds of a reunited Methodism. He outran many of his brethren who were deemed progressive. Out of breath, they are only just now reaching his goal. His last great speech in the General Committée of Home Missions and Church Extension, a speech that made the Champaign, Illinois, meeting memorable, clearly revealed him in the forefront of those who are laboring and praying for the organic unity of Methodism. Read that anonymous pamphlet, "What Next Between the Two Methodisms? By a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal

Church," a copy of which is before me with "Compliments of the Author, John M. Walden." "Fortunately," thus it runs, "most Methodists of to-day know little of the embittered relations of the two churches between 1846 and 1861, aggravated and intensified by what occurred during the Civil War and the period of Reconstruction." Then beginning with the Cape May Commission in 1876, he traces the brightening history to recent times; and luminously shows the great opportunities for the union of all Methodisms, to unify the missionary problems, foreign and domestic. "The Joint Commission," he writes, "was given plenary authority *'to adjust all difficulties.'* This ideal has not, as yet, been fully realized; but how the embittered conditions antedating Cape May have been transformed! Mark the record: brotherly participation in great Conferences, friendly adjustment of mission fields in the West Indies, a joint publishing house in China, tentative unification in Japan, societies in overchurched towns asking to be consolidated, what the Commission on Federation has brought to pass and what is now assigned to it, and the quenchless vitality in federation and union as current questions."

He lived to see the readjustment in Mexico and Korea; and the tentative plans for union, adopted as *a working basis,* by the last General Conference of the Church South. He also labored earnestly as chairman of the General

Conference Commission for the Federation of Colored Methodist Churches, a movement advancing with encouraging prospects.

Wisely conservative, conservatively progressive, approaching more and more nearly to the end so dear to us all, his great soul, please God, shall ere long rejoice in the consummation so devoutly sought.

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS FRATERNITY RELATIONS

Among the Bishop's papers is found this unexplained and unrelated script:

Franklin House, New York,
3 o'clock A. M., June 27, 1854.

I am sick. Should this attack prove fatal, I wish my remains to be taken home and buried near my father. I am a Freemason and an Oddfellow. Belong to these orders in Mount Healthy, Ohio. Bury me with appropriate ceremonies of each. Telegraph to Cincinnati, and from there have the dispatch sent to D. B. Thomas, College Hill, O. He will inform my friends.

Farmers' College owes me $50, which, with what I have with me, will defray the expenses. I die in peace.

J. M. Walden.

It reveals two things: that he was prepared to die, and that he was warmly attached to the fraternal orders named. He retained his relations with both to the last. Those with the Masonic bodies were so prominent as to require special consideration.

He became a Master Mason December 25, 1852, and until his death, more than sixty-two years, remained a member of the same lodge. The records show his steady advancement.

For fifty years and more he was a Knight

Templar. He was also a thirty-third degree Mason, with all the degrees of the York and Scottish Rites. In 1910 he was Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Ohio. In that year Colonel William B. Melish, having been elected Most Eminent Grand Master of the United States, appointed him Very Eminent Grand Prelate. At the thirty-second Triennial Conclave, held in Denver in August, 1913—only four months before his death—to an audience of six thousand Masons and citizens he preached a memorable sermon, from Matt. 16. 24—"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." The sermon was published in every Masonic journal. Seldom have economic questions been more sanely and thoroughly considered. The general theme is, "The Fact and the Conditions of Leadership." "No mistaking Jesus—'*If any man will come after me.*' There is his leadership. And the results of his leadership and the service of his followers shall be conserved and perpetuated by his church, built on the Petrine faith, which accepts him as the Messiah. In connection with his first implication of universal leadership, it was necessary for him to make known that he would be the head of an organization formed after those principles and conditions of association and cooperation upon which depend the success of all great enterprises in which men

have a part. Thus he provided for the inauguration of his church, and issued the first and continuous marching order, 'Go ye into all the world,' and the first and continuous slogan of the world-embracing moral campaign, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' Soon after his ascension the supreme movement of the ages was organized, the Christian Church, amid the glories of the Pentecost. 'And the Lord added unto the Church, day by day, those that were being saved.' The first condition of following Jesus is to *will to come after him.* The other conditions are *self-denial and cross-bearing.* These are not imposed as trials and burdens, but are universal conditions of helpfulness and virtue. Jesus came to make possible the assurance of a filial relation to God, with all that inheres in that relation. This requires complete submission to the will of God, and in this are realized the self-denial and cross-bearing required of the follower of Jesus.

"Jesus as a teacher ever dealt with man as a moral and social being, an integral member of society in responsible relations to His God, to his neighbor, and to his country. He dealt with the individual. He recognized the place and significance of the institutions of society. This world with all its ills—public, private, social, and political—this desert world is to rejoice and blossom as the rose, transformed by his gospel and his church.

"Wonderful is Paul, in Eph. 1. 22, 23. And elsewhere he says Christ is 'the head of the body—the church'; and again, 'the head of all principality and power.' What my body is to my real self—the self that feels, thinks, purposes—that the church is to Jesus, who is its Head. In the fewness and simplicity of the means to this great end, the gospel and the church, there is perfect analogy with what everywhere prevails: all progress depending on but few forces and elements, and these simple. Power, whether wind, water, steam, or electricity, is simple. And all machinery, however complex, as a rule, involves in its construction only two or three mechanical powers—the lever and the inclined plane. This is true of watch, locomotive, printing press. The Christian movement is articulated with the order of things where its moral conquests are to be achieved.

"It is not claimed that the church has had directly to do with all changes for the better. The leadership of Jesus at all times comprehends more than his church. The history of man's progress from A. D. 30, when Christ's church was organized, includes events of importance outside the recognized pale of the church; but while more or less apart from the church, there is an evident relation between such events and the beneficent work of the church. As these Knights Templar, garbed in military

costume, march through the streets of Denver, at the head of each Commandery, as a rule, two banners and a flag will be borne—one banner with some select emblem and the name of the Commandery, means *Brotherhood;* the flag, Old Glory, the only flag that should be borne by Americans in America, means *Patriotism;* the other banner, emblazoned with the cross, the first and indispensable symbol of our order, means *Salvation.* If the cross be encircled with a crown, that addition means *Immortality,* in which Knights Templar steadfastly believe; for Jesus, their Lord, 'brought immortality to light'—he confirmed it by his resurrection.

"Our order has no corporate relation with the church. It was excluded from the Roman Catholic Church before the rise of the Protestant churches; and it could not maintain to all Christian denominations the relations which it cherishes if it had corporate relations with any of them. As together they compose the holy catholic church, the Templars of our day cooperate with this composite church, of which Jesus is the Head, animated by a loyal devotion to him as in the olden days. They became related to the Christian movement eleven centuries after Jesus founded his church. While there was extended to them all that was useful for effective service, they did not require and could not properly receive those means, including the two sacraments, by which the church was

equipped for the effectual preaching of the gospel and the spiritual culture of those who accept the soul-saving message. These facts being understood and accepted, there has been a large measure of unheralded yet helpful co-operation in humane and alleviating service.

"The present-day service of Knights Templar may be actuated by motives as chivalric in spirit and purpose as at any time in the past. The church is battling to free the world from the curse of child labor; to bring womanhood into its own; to save woman from the cruel and vicious effects of underpaid service; to save women and children and youth from the baleful results of the saloon; to guard the relations of capital and labor. Herein, surely, our knighthood makes common cause with the church.

"Many of our cities have been fearfully distressed by strikes and lockouts. These abnormal movements are recognized as resting in inherent rights. Too often the fact is overlooked that the people have rights and interests, as valid and sacred as those of organizations and corporations, whose conflicts inflict upon them numberless distresses. It is not the exclusive calling of corporation managers and labor organizations to study and determine how the misunderstandings between capital and labor shall be adjusted. Strikes and lockouts affect so many persons and so many interests that it is the urgent duty of the State, and, in some cases,

of the nation, to provide for their prevention by law: they should in every instance be prevented. Unless something wiser and better be speedily devised, it is to be hoped that courts of arbitration may be established, under provisions that will prevent interruption of business and speedily adjust disputes, conserving with equal care the rights and interests of capital and labor. The church and Sir Knights should earnestly cooperate to secure to society the relief and protection for which government is established. Is it not our Templar and churchly duty to avail ourselves of the results of closer and more intelligent study of social conditions, and to gain for ourselves views of the real demands and the possibilities which may open ways for the most helpful service?

"This world is marvelously adapted to man, as a physical being, affording in measureless supply whatever contributes to his physical well-being and comfort. It is equally adapted to him as an intellectual being, not only presenting to him opportunity for many lines of voluntary study and investigation, but by his very necessities forcing him into seemingly limitless fields of discovery and invention. Is it not equally certain that this world is also marvelously adapted to man as a moral being? Nature positively favors some lines of life, as industry, frugality, temperance, and all other virtuous habits. Just as positively does nature disfavor

some lines of life, as idleness, extravagance, intemperance and all other vicious habits. *Nature invariably favors virtue and invariably disfavors vice, because this world was made for the habitation of the moral being, man.*

"I am further warranted in saying that this world is marvelously adapted to man as a Christian, a follower of Jesus. The complete code of human conduct which Jesus in his teachings provided for his followers and all others and committed to his church guards against every human action which the wisest and best governments condemn and punish to protect society. It is an embodiment of moral rules which harmonize with nature. Moral law is the most potential law in the universe. Resistless heavenly and earthly forces combine to insure the final conquest of the world through the cross; every succeeding generation of self-denying and cross-bearing followers of Jesus sees broadening evidences of the progress of this conquest; every succeeding generation makes a greater contribution of helpful and loving service to advance the final victory and its proclamation throughout the universe: 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and forever' (Rev. 11. 15)."

The above epitome gives but a faint idea of the strength and sweep of this wonderful discourse. It was his last and supreme Masonic

service. It profoundly impressed his hearers. His extreme age and his patriarchal appearance admonished them that he was rapidly nearing his end. But the clearness of his voice and the vitality of his thought challenged their fears and enshrined him anew in their affections.

Evidence abounds that he was held in warmest esteem by his Masonic fraters. Thus, referring to this Triennial Conclave, William Bromwell Melish, Past Grand Master of Templars, speaking of Bishop Walden's participation, says in his fraternal appreciation:

"His daily invocation at the opening and his benediction at the close of the sessions of the Grand Encampment were inspired appeals to live the better, truer life by daily consecration to our Great Exemplar, Immanuel. At a parting dinner in Denver of the members of the official family of the Grand Master, we men and women arose and formed a chain of union and with fingers interlaced and with tears in our eyes, bowed our heads as the aged servant of God, Bishop Walden, with his dear wife by his side, dismissed us with a few loving words and put us in God's holy keeping 'until we meet again.'

"Our beloved brother is dead, but his memory and his good works will live forever and be ever blessed in the annals of Freemasonry as one who taught his brethren to be gentle and to forgive, to be true to life and be glad to live,

to be watchful and to be rich in boundless charity, to be humble in success, strong of heart in bitterness, tender, gracious, thoughtful, good in our daily life of brotherhood."

No testimonial could be more impressive than this. On Christmas night, 1852, Marion Lodge—now McMakin—in Mount Healthy, Ohio, made him a Master Mason. After fifty years of membership, on Christmas night, 1902, the lodge invited him as guest of honor to a generous collation, and presented him with a beautiful loving cup, Judge A. B. Huston, at this writing the only surviving alumnus of Farmers' College, making the presentation speech. The golden anniversary of his knighthood occurred shortly before the Triennial Conclave in Denver, in 1913, and Cincinnati Commandery No. 3, presented a specially designed and valuable decoration.[1]

His lifelong attachment to Freemasonry never caused him to neglect his other duties, but gave him especial opportunities to enlarge the sphere of his Christian influence. Just how he articulated Masonry and the church is well shown by Judge Huston, his friend and associate from boyhood, to whom we have already referred: "He found the Masonic bodies held on a higher level with social and moral virtues, such as charity, relief, truth, and justice. These prime elements in the brotherhood of man commended

[1]Now in Asylum of Cincinnati Commandery, No. 3, K. T.

themselves to him as in no sense conflicting with the religious duties of members of the Christian Church. On the contrary, they are simply *cognate* to the latter. The real meaning of this application is aptly expressed in a recent official Masonic publication in Ohio, speaking of Bishop Walden: 'He believed that the tenets of Freemasonry are helpful to men, and that a knowledge and practice of them leads many into the Church of God. His first thought, his greatest activity, his life work, was for the cause of Christ. His second thought was connected with his Masonic work; and both of these were interwoven in his splendid record.' ''

The Greek Letter Fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, was proud of his membership in their body. He was initiated into Ohio Alpha of that organization, in 1888, as an honorary member, a relation which he valued highly.

"KOWEE-KAH," HOME OF JAMES N. GAMBLE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA

CHAPTER XIX

LIFE'S GOLDEN SUNSET

As Bishop Walden slowly moved down the slope of life, holding tenaciously to the tasks God had assigned him, his figure took on an investment of gracious reverence, which constrained all who observed him to yield the deference belonging to the saintly warrior about to put off his armor at the end of a valiant crusade.—*The Christian Advocate.*

LACKING but a few days of being eighty-three years of age, Bishop Walden saluted his risen Lord, January 21, 1914. He was not taken by surprise, neither had death any terrors. The Spirit had wrought within him increasingly the transformations of grace; until his venerable presence even on the city streets became a benediction. His every public utterance was tremulous with tenderness and pregnant with prophecy. He spoke as though each speech might be his last, and must be his best. Thus, at the meeting he attended of the General Committee of Home Missions and Church Extension in November, 1913, in Champaign, Illinois, morning, noon, and night he delved into statistics, and when the subject of his study came up for consideration, he flung off the habiliments of age, and delivered his crowning effort

of forensic oratory. None expected ever to hear him again, and all felt that his speech was the worthy and brilliant climax of his life.

As winter drew apace his bodily weakness became more evident, both he and Mrs. Walden seeming alarmingly frail. Change to a milder climate was recommended. Mr. James N. Gamble, a lifelong friend, quick to see the emergency, generously proposed conveying them as his guests to "Kowee-Kah," his winter home in Daytona Beach, Florida. It was a kindly providence, and as such gratefully accepted. But before going to the Beach, the Bishop, by special request, delivered two memorable addresses. The first was to the Walnut Hills congregation, with whom he and Mrs. Walden were regular worshipers, Sunday morning, December 7, 1913, from Phil. 2. 12, 13: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

It was a tender farewell. Gratefully recognizing how attentive the congregation had been to his teachings while present, like Paul, he yearned that they might be much more watchful and earnest when he should be absent from them; that they might look beyond the human instrument up to God, whose Spirit alone,

working in their hearts, could enable them to will and to do of his good pleasure. To miss such help, so constant, so free, so sufficient, would be to lose all. Hence with fear and trembling lest we neglect so great salvation, his exhortation was, let us all give ourselves, body, soul, and substance, to working out, in character and deeds, that which the Spirit works in us to will and to do.

No outline can do justice to the discourse. The venerable Bishop evidently realized that he should never again address the people he loved so well. The effect was overpowering, and will never be forgotten. After the benediction the congregation crowded around him, eager to clasp his hand, fearing and feeling that they should see his face no more.

On Monday morning, December 15, Wiley Chapel was crowded with preachers and laymen eager to hear the Bishop's farewell. "I appreciate this courtesy, brethren," he said. "I have had a desire to speak to you here for some time, and, it having been made possible, through the good providence of God, it also becomes necessary through the same providence that I speak, without premeditation, from my heart. I expect to start for the South, and would have been there by this time had my strength and that of my wife been sufficient for the journey. This is a sort of good-by for the time. I want to stay here as long as the Lord wills. Yet it

may interest you to know that I am ready to go whenever he says, 'Come up higher.' ''

He took for his theme ''Yesterday and To-day in Cincinnati Methodism.'' He embraced in the survey the sixty years of his residence—from the dedication of Raper Church in 1853—giving thirty years to ''Yesterday'' and thirty to ''To-day'':

''The line between these periods is somewhat clearly indicated by marked changes in the condition of the city, gradually reached as the country recovered from the effects of the Civil War. From some effects there has been no recovery; for example, disregard for the Sabbath, and reckless irreverence. One of the transforming facts has been the development of the suburbs, which really began thirty years ago, and has changed all the conditions of the down-town area; and at the same time has made a new problem out of the suburban areas. The preachers of 'Yesterday' confined themselves more exclusively to Gospel themes and had larger congregations. They were diligent in visiting from house to house, the class leader accompanying the new pastor. There were daily additions. Prayer and class meetings and love feasts were prized means of grace, as were pastors' classes. Spiritual introspection was cultivated; religious culture in telling the 'Old, Old Story.' Singing, fellowship, protracted meetings, all were potential. Methodism was a

gospel movement. It is such now. The Word is still the power of God unto salvation. Pentecost is as significant a type now as then. Fellowship, helpfulness, edification, worship, still mark the true church. Forms and methods may change, but there is no change in Methodism. It is a gospel movement. And the gospel is the same to-day that it was when Paul defined it as the power of God unto salvation. The all-saving Name is the same, as are the conditions—repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Changed conditions necessitate changed methods. The danger is that the changed methods may not completely articulate with the supreme mission. If not corrected, it would mean an accelerating drift away from that mission.

"The gospel movement projected at Pentecost included two, and only two, means for its prosecution—the preachers of the gospel and the saved people; in other words, the gospel ministry and the gospel church. These were typified during the closing scenes of Pentecost. Three thousand saved persons typified the conquering mission of gospel-preaching; then follows the record of fellowship and mutual helpfulness and worship, closing with the statement that there were added to the church daily such as were being saved. What was being done typified the entire and varied work of the church. These means are cooperative. The

restoration of these two things was the capital result of the Wesleyan Revival: they are the essential constituents of Methodism."

Earnestly entreating ministers and people to strive for the faith of the fathers, he invoked upon them the apostolic benediction.

This was his last message to the ministry of his beloved city and Conference. Well for our church and for Christ's cause, if it be heeded. At the close of his discourse preachers and visitors crowded about him in tender farewell—a picture of mingled love and sorrow never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XX

THE AFTER-GLOW

There is no danger of his sun going down while it is yet day. He will come to his sunset with a serene sky; but should any clouds loiter in his west, "light at eventide" will so transfigure them that in their embroidery of gold and purple they will make his gate out of life a triumphal arch through which a spiritual conqueror will pass to his celestial crowning.—*Howard Henderson.*

EVIDENTLY, he felt that he was nearing the end. But he was cheerful, and was able to go to his office, and to make all arrangements for the journey. A school and college mate, nearly two years his senior, Judge A. B. Huston, met him there on alumni memorial business connected with old Farmers' College. The Bishop, calling him by his given name, said, "Now, Aleck, we have gone down the entire list of the 'Old Boys,' and they are all gone, excepting you and me. What shall *we* do?" He replied: "Well, John, I guess we shall have to split the committee. I suggest that whoever goes first, the other shall write his obituary." He readily assented. "There was apparently a vein of humor," writes the Judge, "but we both took it seriously."

The shadow of the coming event was already gathering. The uncertainty of the date when the Bishop and Mrs. Walden could start, due to the serious illness of the latter, deranged the careful plans which had been made for their escort and care by their old-time Book Concern friends and associates, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Pye, who were compelled to precede them. But on the morning of December 23, 1913, they left for Florida, feeble but resolute. The Bishop was so widely known that ready hands to minister to their needs were found everywhere, and their good friends were awaiting them in Daytona Beach. Dr. Leonard Walden, and Rev. Dr. Stanley O. and Mrs. Tillie Walden Royal, with their children, and others who had come from the suburbs through a pouring rain, were there to say good-by, and would have accompanied them, but the Bishop's brave cheer and self-dependence would have none of it. The same dauntless spirit that animated the fifteen-year old country boy sixty-eight years before to do a man's task now animated an octogenarian to do a young man's work.

A box of beautiful flowers from Mr. Robert T. Miller brightened the sleeper. The journey was accomplished without unusual fatigue; and they reached their destination on Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Pye receiving and caring for them as they would have done for their own parents. "Kowee-Kah," in architecture, fur-

nishings, grounds, and outlook, is ideal. It is situated on the Halifax River, which separates Daytona Beach and Sea Breeze. The next day the Bishop accompanied Pastor D. H. Rutter to Daytona and delivered a brief but impressive address before the Knights Templar of that city. He was so encouraged by this that he led Pastor Bowen of the Beach to expect his lecture on Africa some evening of that week, and also engaged transportation for the following week to the Saint Johns River Annual Conference. Another engagement upon which he confidently counted was the General Conference Commission on Federation at Nashville. But it was not to be. After their arrival Mrs. Walden was very ill for several days, and was able to walk out only twice with the Bishop. One of these walks was to the beautiful Halifax River, on whose shady banks they sat in a sacred tryst, second only to that they shall enjoy by the River of Life, under the palms of immortality. Saturday evening, the 10th of January, they started to walk to the Beach, but he was unable to go far, and they returned to "Kowee-Kah." As was his wont, he gathered his little circle for family devotions. The usual program was for one to read the Scripture lesson from the life of Christ; another to read one of the choice hymns of the church; then his devoted wife would read one of Bishop Quayle's prayers from The Climb to God; then the Bishop would

close with a prayer that seemed inspired—so comprehensive that it included his children, relatives, and friends, and reached to the humblest missionary, and all the interests of the church and nation and world. But this evening, just as they were ready to begin the worship, he was seized with a severe chill, congestive in its character. Mr. Pye proposed to help him to his room, dispensing with prayers. But the Bishop, nerving himself, said: "No, no! that will not do. I want the full service." With that wonderful tenacity so often exemplified in his work he then offered one of the tenderest and most blessed prayers of the entire series. He was almost borne to his room and bed, which he never left until released from the pains of mortality.

The chill was caused by kidney trouble, and was followed by uremic poisoning. It was evident that the end was approaching. His "Tillie" (Mrs. Royal), who, living in Cincinnati, had been able to be their ministering angel in so many seasons of distress, was summoned by wire, and from the next Tuesday afternoon, was with him to the close. She found him propped up in bed, looking bright and happy, wonderfully improved since Sunday, when every moment was thought his last. He had been unconscious from Saturday night until Monday morning, when consciousness returned, and there was a welcome change in his condition.

He said to Mrs. Walden, "Your boy had a pretty close call last night; but maybe the Lord is going to spare me to finish the things I have under way.[1] But it is all right." Mrs. Walden tenderly quoted the twenty-third Psalm. "What more can we want?" he responded; "but don't let us talk about it any more." "I think," writes Mrs. Royal, "he realized that mother, in her feeble health, could not bear up under the dreadful strain of parting, and he did not want her to think about it. I had not been there long Tuesday afternoon when he said to me, 'I will have you write some letters for me in the morning'; and Wednesday morning he dictated about half a dozen, which I wrote for him. He was so much better all that day that Mr. and Mrs. Pye were planning to leave shortly. But that night, a little past midnight, the nurse called me, and said, 'The Bishop is sinking.' The doctor and a specialist were quickly at his side. Both thought he would hardly live through the day. But he rallied and on Friday dictated several letters, one being to Dr. Storms, of Indianapolis, a member of the Committee on Federation, saying that he hoped to meet him in Nashville the following week. You can imagine with what a heavy heart I sat by his side, writing these hopeful letters, when

[1]History of the Freedmen's Aid Society, an article on McKendree, and another on Methodist Federation, which he had promised Dr. Kelley for the Methodist Review, and his autobiography.

the doctors had told me he might slip away any hour. Saturday and Sunday he grew weaker. But Monday he seemed very much better, and insisted that I should take mother a drive along the beach. When we returned he was greatly interested in hearing all about the drive. After that he talked very little; and left no messages nor requests. For twenty-four hours he slept most of the time, and the end came quietly and peacefully He seemed just to sleep life away During Wednesday, January 21, his last day, he tried several times to speak. Once he said, 'Mattie, my Mattie,' and once he called 'Tillie.' I was at his side, and leaned over and said, 'You want me to take good care of mother, don't you?' He smiled and nodded his head—he could not speak.''

Just before his departure, he was making an effort to raise his head, and the nurse asked whom he was looking for. The whispered answer came feebly but distinctly, ''My Master.'' So, with his Mattie, and their Tillie, and Mr. and Mrs. Pye and the nurse tearful witnesses, at 11:40 P. M., January 21, 1914, John Morgan Walden yielded up his spirit to his loving Lord. The midnight was the dawn of celestial day.

The next afternoon, Thursday, simple funeral services were conducted in ''Kowee-Kah'' by the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Bowen, assisted by the Rev. R. A. Carnine, D.D., district super-

SUNSET ON THE HALIFAX AS SEEN FROM BISHOP WALDEN'S WINDOW

intendent (who had officiated at Elizabeth's funeral in Denver), the Rev. W. J. Harkness, Ph.D., of DeLand, the Rev. D. H. Rutter, pastor of Daytona. Sympathizing neighbors, including two sisters, who had been the Bishop's pupils fifty-seven years before, the churches in Daytona and Daytona Beach, and the Masons, covered the casket with flowers. Knights Templar were pallbearers and escort to the train for Cincinnati.

The next morning, just a month from the date of the Bishop's setting out for Florida, the sad party reached home. They were met at the station by all the surviving children, and by the Rev. Stanley O. Royal, son-in-law, and Mary and Marguerite Royal, grandchildren. A large number of ministers were also in waiting, as well as a delegation of Knights Templar, headed by Judge Jacob H. Bromwell.

Monday morning, from nine to ten-fifteen, the body lay in state in the lecture room of the Walnut Hills Church, under Masonic guard. Thousands crowded to look upon the kindly but commanding features of one who in life had been so dear; not Methodists only, but every denomination—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew—every class, every condition, every color. Even the police, detailed to relieve the congestion of the streets, broke away to have a last look at the venerable form, whose safety it had been for so long their privilege to guard. The

Methodist preachers attended in a body, and scores of the city clergy, including rabbis; more than three hundred Knights Templar in uniform, besides the Scottish Rite,[1] the Jones Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and many comrades from other posts.

In the auditorium, everywhere lovely flowers disputed with the somber hues of mourning. They drooped in fragrance about the Bishop's chair within the chancel and about the family pew, and hid the casket's gloom beneath their beautiful petals.

When the procession entered, every unreserved portion of the church was crowded already, multiplied hundreds lingering to catch at least the organ's tone and the choral refrain. Bishop Anderson, who also presided, and

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[1]The distinguished Masonic officers present were: Most Eminent Sir William B. Melish, Past Grand Master of the United States; Right Eminent Sir Campbell M. Voorhees, Columbus, Grand Commander of Ohio; Eminent Sir John N. Bell, Grand Recorder; Right Eminent Sir Nelson Williams, Hamilton, Deputy Grand Commander; Eminent Sir Robert T. Whitaker, Defiance, Grand Generalissimo; Eminent Sir George H. Knight, Springfield, Grand Captain General; Eminent Sir W. F. Baldwin, Akron, Grand Senior Warden; Eminent Sir Michael L. Frinnell, Osborn, Grand Junior Warden; Right Eminent Sir Lafayette Lyttle, P. G. C., Toledo, Grand Treasurer; Eminent Sir Jacob H. Bromwell, Cincinnati, Grand Standard Bearer; Eminent Sir Thomas J. Jones, Cleveland, Grand Sword Bearer; Eminent Sir Daniel Jones, Toledo, Grand Warden; Eminent Sir George S. McQuire, Marion, Grand Captain of Guard—being the entire staff of the Grand Commandery of Ohio. The following Past Grand Commanders were present: Right Eminent Sir Alexander F. Vance, Jr., Urbana; Right Eminent Sir William T. McLean, Sidney; Right Eminent Sir Ralph R. Rickly, Columbus; Right Eminent Sir John H. Gibson, Cincinnati; Right Eminent Sir Charles F. Henry, Marietta. All together, one of the largest assemblages of High Masons ever convened in Ohio.

Bishops Cranston and Moore, in their addresses brought out the salient features of the Bishop's character and of his varied and distinguished services. Bishop Luccock offered the opening, and President McKibben, of Lane Theological Seminary, the closing prayer. Rabbi David Philipson[1] read the ninetieth psalm, and Dr. Jennings, of the Book Concern, the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The Bishop's favorite hymns, selected by Mrs. Walden, were read: "Love divine, all loves excelling," by District Superintendent Schenk: "There's a wideness in God's mercy," by the editor of Christliche Apologete, Dr. Albert J. Nast: "O love that wilt not let me go," by the editor of The Western Christian Advocate, Dr. Levi Gilbert. The pastor, Dr. M. A. Farr, read messages of condolence as samples of the hundreds received by Mrs. Walden from Bishop Cooke,

[1]The high regard in which he was held by all denominations appears clearly in the following from Rabbi Grossman, in the Enquirer: "A church that had such a man has its best proof in him, and a religion that can produce such a character need not resort to argument to show what it stands for. We will remember Bishop Walden with respect and with affection, and we can assure those who will stand at his grave that the influences of his fine life linger on a wide circle of those who knew him, and of those even who only touched his hand or heard but once his cheery voice." The American Israelite says editorially: "In the death of Methodist Bishop John M. Walden the city, the State, and the nation have suffered an irreparable loss. The Central West will feel the loss most keenly because it was that section which came more directly under the influence of his grand and beautiful personality. It is good to be able and glad to say of Bishop Walden that he was honored and loved wherever his familiar figure was seen, without regard to nativity or religious belief."

Portland, Oregon; Bishop McConnell, Denver; Bishop Quayle, Saint Paul; Bishop McDowell, Chicago; Samuel H. Pye; Commander Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army; and Rabbi Gotthard Deutsch, Cincinnati. Following the singing by the quartet of "Lead, Kindly Light," the Masonic service, including the presentation of the Bishop's Scottish Rite ring to his son, Leonard Walden, M.D., was impressively rendered; as was that of the Grand Army of the Republic. The solemn exercises were concluded with the benediction, pronounced by Bishop Hartzell, of Africa.

The interment was in the Bishop's lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, already hallowed by the graves of his Bessie and Elisha. The active pallbearers were the Rev. George W Benton and Rev. J. R. Savage, of the Preachers' Meeting; J. M. Thomssen and George Nieder, of the Book Concern; Perry Henshaw and Owen Kinney, of the Masonic Bodies. The honorary pallbearers, chosen to represent the Book Concern, the Freedmen's Aid Society, the trustees of the church at large, and other organizations with which he had been affiliated, were: Drs. John H. Race, Christian Golder, John Pearson, P J. Maveety, George H. Dart; Messrs. R. T. Miller, E. P Marshall, W V Ebersole, J. H. Locke, James N. Gamble, William B. Melish, Dr. I. D. Jones, Dr. R. L. Thomas, Edward E. Shipley, Edwin R. Graham; and Sir Knights

Thomas Kite, W H. Armstrong, John H. Gibson, Jacob Falk and M. L. Buchwalter.

And thus the poor boy's sun, which, at its rising, struggled through clouds of poverty and discouragement, having swept to the zenith of honor, set amid the glowing realizations of worthy ambition and Christian endeavor.

Before me lie the hundreds of tributes to his memory from the great and the lowly, and tender condolences to the lonely partner of his toil and his fame. Precious they are to her, immeasurably precious; and infinitely more precious are the words of the Saviour: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

Very beautiful is the Halifax, its banks embowered in tropical plants and trees. Mantled in the glories of the sunset, it is a scene of surpassing splendor. The Bishop, propped up in bed, gazed upon it ravished. Did he see another city, beyond another river, which it transfigured with the sheen of heaven? What caught and held that far-away look? Did the little boy see his dear mother? Did the father see his Elizabeth and Elisha again? Were signals of love and welcome flying across that other

river? By and by we shall know. Enough, that it was to him a transporting, rapturous scene, which robbed the grave of its terrors and death of its sting, and ever hereafter shall make "The Bishop's Sunset" the quest of every devout visitor to Daytona Beach.

Like benediction after prayer, is this tribute from the heart of Bishop Hughes, adopted by the Board of Bishops at their Memorial Service in Washington City:

BISHOP JOHN M. WALDEN

Born amid surroundings of comparative poverty, but of solid honesty, John M. Walden, by virtue of a wonderful industry made his way to a place of marked influence. His brilliance was the brilliance of loyalty and toil. He touched Kansas in the day of her political ferment; became one of the founders of the Republican party; entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church; wrought effectively as a pastor; became a great representative of our Book Concern; and served for twenty years as an effective bishop and for ten years as an efficient worker in the retired relation. He was a cofounder of the Freedmen's Aid Society and a ceaseless friend of the brother in black. A genius in labor, a genius in detail, a genius in religious figures, he was aptly described by Carlyle's phrase, "He toils terribly." Best loved where best known, he was idolized at

headquarters in Cincinnati, while on the streets of that city he was canonized by Hebrews, Catholics, and Protestants alike. He labored to the very last, illustrating the phrase of one of his colleagues to the effect that he had a "noble avarice for work." After a rest beneath the altar, as described in the book of Revelation, he will join eagerly with those who do double work in heaven and serve God in the temple, both day and night.